The magazine devoted to pleasure

THE DUDE

JULY, 1959

BACHELORS' SHANGRI LA / FOR SWINGIN'!

FIFTY CENTS

JOHN CHRISTOPHER
ALEX AUSTIN

ALLEN CHURCHILL
ROBERT G. ELLIOTT

For a pictorial definition of a "swinging chick,"

see **The Wild One,** *page 49.*

PRINTED IN U. S. A.

THE DUDE

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the Magazine Devoted to Pleasure

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Credits: First, second and fourth cover, photography by Burt Owen. Third cover, photography by Marvin Lichtner.

RIGHT DRESS

Wilson Cantrell

The fabulous floor show was going full blast, but most of the girls dressed in their altogether, were standing around the crap table watching fearless Bob Schafer, the men's sportswear designer, betting thousand dollar bills against the house. The morning sun was peaking brightly over Las Vegas' rooftops; Schafer had been playing all night. So had the girls and everyone was pooped. But Bob was winning and he had a stack of chips worth $50,000 at his elbow. Nobody would leave while the chips were down.

Bob had gone to Las Vegas after designing the award winning line of Prince Igor and Oleg Cassini sportswear for Birma Bibas' 1959 summer collection. He was wearing his own designs and giving clothing away as tips to luscious blonde hangers-on.

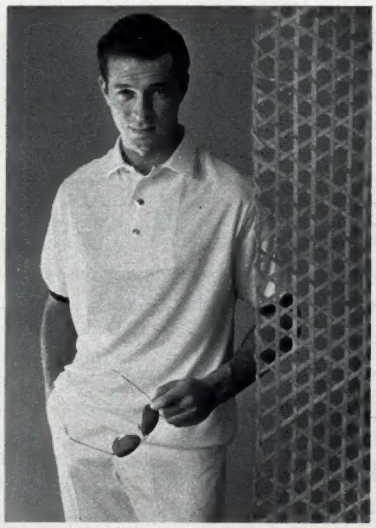
I happened to be standing next to Bob and his bevy of beauties so I thought I'd take the opportunity to find out how a top designer creates his line. (More about that to follow.)

The girls blushed as Bob dropped his dice on the floor and fetched another pair from the bosom of Fifi Lamour, star of the act. ("Star" refers not to her billing, but her costume.) Bob interrupted his playing long enough to show me a picture of his big seller called the "Bush Jacket." This was a jacket and walking shorts outfit for sunliner wear, designed like the African bush suit with brushed gold buttons, four pockets and, dig this, epaulets. The outfit came in either blue, light orange or white.

For those even more conscious of fashion, Bob Schafer has designed a plain white jacket and walking shorts. The coat has only one pocket —over the heart (where else?). This suit is a little more conservative and costs a little more. It's made of dacron and linen and comes in apricot, white or blue. Notice the "V" cut in the lower part of the jacket. This again is the Italian influence, and so is the wide open collar.

By this time Bob had doubled his winnings and the chorus girls were lying on the table coaxing the dice. Bob handed a couple of girls a handful of chips and ordered Fifi Lamour to fetch a keg of beer. Twenty lovelies took over the bar and beer flowed like kisses.

Las Vegas had never been like this. A hundred girls or so, waiting for Schafer to demonstrate his "line," were patiently playing the slot machines. In fact Schafer had so many girls around him that he had to invent a system for identifying them. He came up with this brilliant idea: Why not design a sportshirt with a three button opening at the neck? Each of the three buttons would be marked with an initial of the wearer. With the help of a button company that made special buttons for this knit sportshirt, Schafer had done it again. He gave monogrammed shirts to each of the girls and easily remembered all their names, or at least their initials. Take a gander at this unique shirt in the photo. Too bad we couldn't show you a picture of the girls wearing them, but the shirt is of such fine knit material that you can see right through it. We don't want to distract you from the fabric.



Suddenly from out of nowhere we heard a dozen shots. The casino was being robbed. The bandits, with drawn guns and masked faces, demanded money, chips and chippies. But Bob Schafer was no coward and neither were the girls. They formed a chorus line and kicked their way out the front door with Schafer close behind. Some of the girls ran for help and came back with the chorus line from the hotel across the way.

Working together, Schafer and the girls escaped into the desert. Bob carried his trunk full of sweaters, including the white masterpiece that would lead the fashion line. This was a white shirt with red lines on one side and black lines on the other that also has a removable bib which can be worn for a high collared effect, or taken off, it shows your chest in a he-mannish "V."

Bob also brought along his checkered gold on gold shirt design, and his new discovery, "Velveteen." This sportsweater looked like velvet, was brightly colored and perfect for wearing at school, on picnics, or at necking parties.

But there was everybody in the middle of the desert, warm, comfortable and rather happy. Wouldn't you be too, with a pocketful of greenbacks and two hundred girls clawing at your sweater?

Schafer had broken the bank and the girls weren't going to let him get away that easily. I finally managed

to get away about 3 a.m. the next morning, but Bob was still going strong, and although I haven't seen him since, I imagine he's still somewhere in the desert making love to five hundred girls (or was it a thousand?) and drawing sportswear designs in the sand.

PUB-LICLY YOURS

By Phil Strassberg

Hickory dickory dock,
The mouse ran up the clock.
The clock chimed "square" to the ear
of the mouse
Who was really a "cat" hipped on the
Hickory House.

Now this may be a rhyme without reason, so I'll chime in with a number of reasons why any Dude could be hipped on the Hickory House, John Popkin's jazz cradle on West 52nd Street in New York City.

Oh? You don't care for that kind of jazz? What kind are you looking for? THAT kind of jazz, friend, you won't—and can't—get at the Hickory House.

What? Well, you can bring your *own,* have her feast frivolously on thick hickory-treated slabs of steak which may or may not make her receptive. That's up to you.

Top dinner off with some delectable desserts plus the extra added pastry of a tip-top titillater of the keyboard to help tantalize your romantic adjectives in her ears. And maybe you are in business.

Too much money for that kind of jazz? You have to eat, anyway, don't you? Well, these steaks are prime and the price certainly isn't out of line. You have a couple of drinks; then add low lights to the "high" caliber of potables and the proper background music stemming from midway between the oval bar in the center of the rustic-decored dinery and, if you haven't made your point, turn in your dice—the roll is over.

And if it isn't someone like Don Shirley, who interpolates Gershwin and the classics, it's Marian McPartland, who swings down the center of the jazz traffic lane. There's good jazz every night at the Hickory House. Any kind. Isn't that correct, my love? Thank you, Vivian. Shall we be on our way?

Don't get the impression that the dark-eyed, dark-haired doe named Vivian and myself were leaving for clandestine conviviality in the cocoa-cool confines of my chintz-covered but celibate bed. We went to The Den.

One can hardly get amoral or amorous in any den, let alone the simply-decorated and indirectly-lit intime showcase for the development of budding professional talent located in the Hotel Duane on Madison Avenue.

I need only mention Mike Nichols and Elaine May, this year's major contribution to comedy, as the type of entertainment presented. You're right: these kids did got their initial N.Y. spotlighting at the Blue Angel, but it was a quickie booking which did not have agents breathing heavily. Mike and Elaine then doctored their scintillating sketches for a stretch of weeks at The Den. The rest may be read in *Variety.*

The club's main interest is to give youngsters who have good potential, but are not recognized enough to take a bow in the better-known sophisticated salons, an opportunity to strut that potential. Singer Isabel Robins, funnyman Milt Kamen and a trio which has the virginal temerity of The Ritz Bros.—Little, Dane & Mason—fall into that category. All are recent players on the postage-stamp (it, too, was recently increased) stage.

And the Den, down a flight of stairs in the hostelry, affords a cozy intimacy—and very moderate minimums—for offbeat funseekers. Like Vivian and me.

You'll probably think it's a plot when I tell you that, from there, the object of my affections and I ventured to The Living Room.

You are right, buddy boy, it *is* a romantic hideaway, on Second Avenue near 49th Street with low minimums during the week as well as on weekends. Actually it is almost cheaper than propping the pillows on your luxurious couch, spilling several quarts on your wall-to-wall as you nervously—sometimes amateurishly—attempt to ply friend damsel with the juice which jaundices the Anti-Passion Movement.

The Living Room is replete with

(*turn to page* 60)

IN YOUR HAT

Just in case you think nothing too much ever happens for writers, I thought you'd like to know about the writer of the epic that begins on page 28 of this issue.

John Christopher, author of said epic, has just hit the literary jackpot for fair. His recent bestseller *No Blade of Grass,* which sold as an eight part serial to the Saturday Evening Post, was later made into a book by Simon and Schuster and has just been sold for a movie to M.G.M. for—read it and weep—$105,000!

Paul Pumpian, whose writing I find hilarious, is, I like to think, a discovery of mine. His bread and butter comes from public relations—his caviar, if you see it my way, from his sales to these pages (see page 12).

Or maybe it's the other way 'round.

Allen Churchill (page 35), I've mentioned before. I don't remember if I've told you to be on the lookout for his latest book, "The Improper Bohemians." I've read parts of it in galley and I know you'll like it.

It's about Greenwich Village in its heyday, before the beatniks took over. There were giants in those days!

The picture story about a beatnik rendezvous on page 57 was shot while movies were being taken for C.B.S. The place in question, "The Five Spot," here in N.Y.C. was shown on Channel 2's Sunday program "Twentieth Century." It was part of a survey of today's college age group of men and women, their attitudes to life, liberty and the eternal pursuit of happiness.

All the people interviewed were verbal, and seemed to have devoted some thought to the dire questions they were answering.

Then the program went to "The Five Spot" and various people who have adopted the beatnik role were questioned. This was the part of the show that interested me. For where the other groups were at least involved in the problems of our times, the beatniks seemed to have an almost schizophrenic wall between them and reality . . .

Hoping you are *not* the same . . . b.e.

queen's corner

nineteenth hole

Now you'll never wrap your golf clubs around the boss'—or worse still—your girl's neck when you miss those close putts. Tee off in the comfort of your living room the night before a game with the new Electromatic Putting Practice Nineteenth Hole. This realistic device sharpens your eye, automatically returns the ball. $10.50

autographed jugs

No more drawing pencil lines on the family jug to discourage bourbon snatchers. Have your name and favorite liquid inscribed on your own personal decanter and let the moochers beware. These ceramic containers are a welcome addition to any man's possessions. Begin with a basic collection of three for.....$10.95

seven sister step-ins

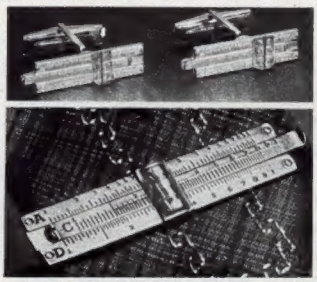
How many ways does she love you? Let her count the days—and this gift will help her. Seven heavenly, curve-hugging nylon panties, each one unique in color and motif. How many gals can boast that they come in seven different, delicious colors? The filigree box can be used as a jewel box. $6.95

little boy surprise siphon

Put the life of the party out of business with this character. Modeled after the famous Belgian statue, the "little boy" is a working work of art. He's easy to use and fits all standard bottlenecks. This is a friend you can depend on when the lights are low, the snow is deep and the first guest arrives. $3.50

key chain combination

A miniature pair of pliers and screwdriver from Italy. The key chain is brass and the tool case is genuine leather. Extremely handy for the fixiteer. Fiddle with these over martinis and maybe the hint will bury itself way down deep in her subconscious. If not, you still have an excellent do-it-yourself item. $2.50



slide rule tie clasp

A working slide rule tie clasp or cuff links. Be he an engineer, architect, draftsman, designer, accountant, businessman or student, this is something he will cherish for a lifetime. Decorative, useful and distinctive. Fully calibrated with scales A, C, and D. Specify sterling silver or gold plate. Either item for.....$6.95

7/59

The Dude Magazine, 48 West 48th Street, New York 36, New York

Name_____ Address_____ City_____ State_____

— SEND CASH, CHECK OR MONEY ORDER —

_____Nineteenth Hole
_____Little Boy Surprise Siphon
_____Autographed Jugs
_____Key Chain Combination
_____Seven Sister Step-Ins
_____Slide Rule Cuff Links
_____Slide Rule Tie Clasp

"BITTER SUGAR"

Dear DUDE:

Your March pictorials were superb!! Especially the satire, "Bitter Sugar." The girls—and their deshabillé—were very titillating. The photography by Herb Flatow is extremely praiseworthy. The gals are meaty and shapely (terrific legs on the redhead in the wine cellar—those scenes are drool-worthy). The facial expressions (when I got around to noticing them) all seem genuinely typical of a mixed drinking bout. In a word, it was wonderfully "orgynized." Let's have many more sketches and satires with these spicy gals in low, low cut blouses and high, high cut skirts.

Al Brett
Montreal, Canada

Ed. Flatow, the photographer, resents the inference that he was drinking while working. The others, cowards all, take refuge in a fifth . . .

Dear DUDE:

I must assert that your pictorial essay in the March *Dude* by George Bernard Volpone was the most amusing, well compiled take-off I've seen yet on foreign films. Herb Flatow did a splendid job of "on the spot" reporting, too. How about a follow-up on Brigitte Bardot?

J. Coleman Daniel, Jr.
Spartanburg, S.C.

Ed. Splendid idea.

GENUINE STEMWARE

Dear DUDE:

I couldn't help noticing the swinging set of stems that graced your January cover. The thing that's bothering me, however, is, are those legs for real, or are they fake? They seem too perfect to be the genuine article. If by chance they do belong to a flesh and blood lovely, how about showing us the upper half.

R. S. Meek
Big Rapids, Mich.

Ed. The stems are flesh and blood, but we're not sure about the rest of the model.

"DEAR MISS LONELYHEARTS . . ."

Dear DUDE:

Just finished Carlton Brown's piece (Dear Bothered: Move Over; January *Dude*) on the advice-to-the-lovelornists, and it reminded me of my all-time favorite, one Molly Mayfield, in one of the Denver papers. Just one example: An unhappy housewife wrote in, despairingly—seems her husband came home from work every day and was quickly driving her crazy with his habit of sitting down in the living room, as soon as he got home, and munching on a batch of peanut brittle. The munching was driving her loco—so she wrote in, what to do? Molly answered in her usual terse, dignified, straight-from-the-shoulder fashion. Go purchase some alum, she told the housewife, and sprinkle it on his peanut brittle. *That* ought to stop him, she said. "But, mind," she added, "I said alum, *not* arsenic."

Erle Yahn
New York, N.Y.

BUILDING A BETTER MOUSETRAP DEPARTMENT

Dear DUDE:

Ed. If Derrick Taylor won't write fan mail about Derrick Taylor's art work, who will? But, thanks, D.T., we get the point.

BULL BY BOAL

Dear DUDE:

As one editor to another, it would appear that everyone who saw the bullfight sequence in "The Sun Also Rises" becomes a bullfight critic, knows all the answers, and in short becomes a "taurino" — the Spanish equivalent of an expert.

The diarrhea of verbiage concocted by pseudo-taurino Sam Boal in January *Dude* indicates that he has yet to see his first bullfight. Furthermore, his biggest adventures in Spain and Mexico must have been derived from reading the *National Geographic*. I think if you people would read a few factual articles in my magazine, *Toros*, you would discover that the truth *does indeed* read better than fiction, as well as the imaginative concoctions of Sam Boal — a pseudo-authority and I suspect a pseudo-name?? [*Ed. Keerect. His real name is Sam BULL.*]

Sin mas de momento, su atto y S.S., taurinamente. [*Ed. The last word is rendered in English, as accurately as we can make out, 'Bullfully.'*]

Jim Fergus
Editor & Publisher, Toros
Chula Vista, Cal.

Ed. The laugh's on you, daddy-o. Sam Boal IS a bull.

Dear DUDE:

I have just finished reading your very informative (?) article on the spectacle, science and art of the bullfight. Looking at it from all aspects and angles (and there must be an angle) I have arrived at a few conclusions as to your motivation in printing it: (1) to find out circulation of magazine or pep up sales in the border towns; (2) attention wanted by magazine or writer (if so you have very successfully acquired it) . . .

Now I will quote from your article . . . "Bring on the Brave Bull!" and as fate might have it, you, Mr. Boal, have spoken the magic words! Your bulls are waiting for you. Come and get them. Name the date and we will purchase some non-domesticated specimens and you can prove yourself. So, tongue-in-cheek, we once again remind you, "The Hour of Truth is Here."

M. T. Taunner
Plaza de Toros "Alberto Balderas"
Ciudad Juarez, Mexico

Ed. Mr. Boal, tongue in throat, declines with thanks, informing us, in someone-or-other's immortal words, he's a "devout coward."

Dear DUDE:

Serious aficionados of the Fiesta Brava can only assume that the article "Bull" by Sam Boal was written with tongue in cheek merely to determine how many irate letters would be forthcoming . . .

Bob Lommasson
El Cajon, Cal.

Ed. You know a better way to fill up this column?

Dear DUDE:

From Sam Boal's article, I don't believe he ever saw a bullfight, and if he did, he must have had his eyes closed. Bullfighting is not a sport, never was a sport and never will be a sport, so let's not talk about fair sides and sporting good ways.

About bulls and tigers, it would interest Mr. Boal to know that the Romans pitted bulls against tigers and for the most part, the bulls were the victors. [*Ed. The Romans also pitted lions against human beings, if Mr. Rapoport insists on waxing nostalgic.*] Bulls are not slow by any means—their turning radius is less than that of a cow pony. The bulls are not put into the arena to have a chance against the Matador, but they are there to *die*; as are their millions of cousins packed into the stockyard's fenced runs.

The trouble lies in the fact that the tourists like Mr. Boal go to Mexico or Spain and picture the bull as he would "Horace" the stud Swiss Brown on a Pennsylvania farm. The bull bred for the fight is a beast as is the tiger. They know only that all that moves is a threat and that they must kill it.

(*turn to page 62*)

PHOTOGRAPHY BY TED NAVARRO

"O TIGER'S HEART

. . . wrapped in a woman's hide."

Shakespeare

fiction . . . **ALEX AUSTIN**

"Oh, darling, it'll be fun," Mrs. Rogers said.

"I just don't like the idea," said Mr. Rogers.

"Now, darling." And she came over to where he was standing at the window and she pressed her slender body in against him. "You mustn't worry all the time the way you do," she said. "We're on a vacation. We're supposed to have lots and lots of fun. That's what all the travel folders say, now don't they?"

Mr. Rogers was looking down into the street. Their window faced the front of the hotel. The street was wide and crowded with blue and white taxis and the cars of Americans who were already coming into town for the bullfight that was to be held tomorrow afternoon. A young Spanish matador by the name of Reales was fighting. He had received some publicity in the Los Angeles papers having to do with an American actress who had fallen in love with him and had followed him back to Mexico from Spain. The newspaper stories said he was a very good matador and many people from the movie colony were coming down, not so much to see him with the bulls, as to see just what the American actress had seen in him for her to have made such a fool out of herself.

(*turn over*)

"I promise I'll behave myself," Mrs. Rogers said to her husband.

"It's just not the sort of thing a man takes his wife to see," Mr. Rogers said in a mildly insisting way.

Mrs. Rogers seemed rather annoyed at his persistence. She was usually able to manage her husband quite easily. She was a very handsome woman. She was tall, with a thin, sharply boned face that, while not quite beautiful, was, nevertheless, very handsome and she was completely aware that a number of her husband's friends were in love with her. Mr. Rogers was slightly shorter than his wife and he was not really a very striking man. He had the ability to make a considerable amount of money. He came from an excellent family. He knew how to act in all sorts of society and he was very easy to manage and he had seemed as agreeable as any man could be as far as a husband was concerned and that was why Mrs. Rogers had married him. She had experienced enough of love by the time she was thirty to know that if one wishes to be truly happy, one does not marry for love because love is too complex a situation to have around the house day in and day out, for the rest of your life. Mrs. Rogers, at thirty, had decided quite simply that she would go out and find a rich, agreeable and not-too-dashing gentleman to be her husband and the very first time she was introduced to Mr. Rogers at a cocktail party given by Julia Hayes, she knew he would be the man she was going to marry.

But now he was being very difficult with her and on those few occasions when he had not given her her own way immediately, with no discussion, she would see him for the small, dull, rather weak man he was and she would become very disgusted with him and sometimes even with herself for having settled on such a creature. But as soon as he would relent, this other image of him would be clouded over by the comfort of her being able to know she could always have her way with him.

"I'm not a schoolgirl, you know," Mrs. Rogers said.

"Well, I hope you're not a damn streetwalker either," Mr. Rogers said.

She was frankly amazed at his coming out with such a speech, but in a moment, she began to laugh at his words and finally she said, "Darling, every woman in the world is a potential — streetwalker, as you call them. Didn't you ever know that?"

Mr. Rogers knew there was no use going on with this. Sooner or later he would have to give in. It really didn't matter very much to him. He turned to his wife and he said, "Very well then. We'll have some dinner first and then we'll go."

"And I *will* behave myself," Mrs. Rogers said, smiling.

Mr. Rogers did not enjoy his dinner. He had four bourbon and sodas. He did not like the hot Mexican food. He had steaks all the time they were in Tijuana because a steak was safe and there was no chance of picking up dysentery or any other damn infection. Mrs. Rogers, however, insisted on eating all the Mexican dishes on the menu. She wanted to try everything and she seemed able to enjoy just about everything she ate. She talked continuously through dinner, laughing and chattering, reaching across the table several times to touch Mr. Rogers' hand and tell him to look a little happier, there was no reason on earth for him to look so unhappy when they were on a vacation and it was a simply marvelous vacation too, she told him.

Mr. Rogers was a little drunk when they stepped into the blue and white taxi that was parked on the corner, a few doors down from the Hotel Caesar where they were staying. It was the same taxi driver who had stopped Mr. Rogers that afternoon and Mrs. Rogers had come out of a leather shop while the driver was talking to her husband and that was how she found out about the shows the girls put on in the crib houses across the dry river.

The taxi drove down the wide main street that was lined with garish neon signs advertising girlie shows in every bar. They turned right at the end of the street and then continued over the short bridge. On the other side of the bridge, the taxi slowed down and made a sharp right turn and soon they were bumping gently over a dirt road, moving into what looked like an empty darkness until they made out the curtained lights of many small wooden shacks and in front of almost every shack was a boy or a man with a flashlight. They waved the flashlights in the air as the taxi passed and they called out things like, "Right in here. The best girls are here. Nice, clean girls."

Mrs. Rogers kept looking out of one window and then the other. She reached over and pressed her husband's hand. She said, "I've never done anything like this before."

Mr. Rogers did not answer her. The taxi driver said, "I am taking you to a good place. Nothing to worry about. I'll stay with you all the time."

Mr. Rogers nodded. Mrs. Rogers asked the driver, "They won't mind my coming along, will they?"

The driver laughed at this and shook his head. "Oh, they don't mind, senora," he said. "They don't mind about anything. I bring lots of ladies out for the shows."

"Do you really?" Mrs. Rogers asked him.

The driver nodded proudly and said, "All the time, senora. It is a very good show. Real Broadway. You know?" He laughed again. Mrs. Rogers watched his dark face in the mirror. Mr. Rogers shifted over uneasily into the corner of the seat.

The driver led them into the shack. Two girls stepped aside in the doorway to let them pass. They walked into a large square room. There were at least twelve girls seated on dilapidated couches and easy chairs. Some were standing. There were three seats at the bar and a girl was on each one of them. All but one of the girls were Mexican. She was an American girl in her early twenties. She was small, but with a very good body that showed up well in the tight cotton dress she had on. She had sandy colored hair that was cut short in the Italian style. She was a pretty girl. She had an expression about her mouth that seemed to be a perpetual smile which she herself had grown tired of.

The driver spoke to an older woman who seemed to be in charge of the place. He turned and nodded to Mr. and Mrs. Rogers as he spoke and the Mexican woman nodded and said a few words. She walked over to the bar and said something to a tall man in a leather jacket, smoking a cigar. The man nodded, smiled, then shrugged. The woman went over to the American girl and then to one of the Mexican girls. The driver looked them up and down and nodded to the older woman and then he came over to Mr. and Mrs. Rogers who were standing rather cautiously just inside the doorway.

"I have fixed it up with one American girl and one Mexican girl," he

told them. "The American girl, she is a model, you know?"

Mr. Rogers glanced quickly over at the two girls by the bar. They smiled.

Mrs. Rogers asked, "Are those the girls?" Her husband nodded.

"They are good girls," the driver said. "They know everything."

"How much will it be?" Mr. Rogers asked.

"Only fifteen dollars," said the driver.

"Fifteen? You said ten yesterday."

"One of them is an American girl," said the driver with a smile.

"Oh, pay him, darling," Mrs. Rogers said.

Grudgingly, Mr. Rogers took a ten and a five from his billfold. He gave the money to the driver. The older woman motioned the two girls into one of the small cubicles that lined a hallway off the main room. The driver told Mr. and Mrs. Rogers to follow him and he led them into the cubicle.

The girls smiled and the Mexican girl said, "You want a good show, eh? We do very good show for you. Real French show."

The American girl slipped out of her cotton dress and the Mexican girl unbuttoned hers and laid it over the back of a chair.

Mrs. Rogers reached over and took hold of her husband's hand and she began pressing it very hard as the two girls started their little show.

"Well, are you satisfied now?" Mr. Rogers asked his wife as they sat down in one of the booths in the hotel bar.

Mrs. Rogers smiled at him. He ordered a bourbon and soda for himself and a tequila for his wife.

"I don't know why," Mrs. Rogers said. "But I was a little frightened at the start of it."

"Disgusted perhaps," her husband said.

The waiter brought the drinks.

"Oh, now stop being such a damn prude," Mrs. Rogers said. "I wasn't at all disgusted. I just said I was a little frightened for some reason. But only for a minute or two. After that, I must say I found it quite exciting."

"Exciting?" Mr. Rogers frowned. He took a long swallow of his drink. His head was beginning to clear. He felt a little sleepy.

Mrs. Rogers sipped at her drink for several moments. She did not speak. The bar was crowded, mostly with Americans. They were talking in loud voices. They all seemed to be very happy. Three Mexicans in tall, decorated sombreros were going about from table to table singing songs to the accompaniment of guitars played by two of the men.

Then Mrs. Rogers said, "I suppose it was a little like some of the dreams we all have at one time or another."

"I must say that's a damn nice dream to have," Mr. Rogers said with a sarcasm that never failed to annoy his wife and he knew this.

"I suppose you never do have dreams," his wife said.

"Not quite like that," he said.

"Well, you're either a damn liar or you're . . ." But she stopped. "Order me another drink, will you please," she said. "Make it a double." And she finished the drink she had.

It was close to one o'clock in the morning when Mr. Rogers suggested they go upstairs to their room. He was very tired. They had a big day tomorrow. He did not want to have to sit out at the bullfight with an awful head and if they kept on drinking they would both have awful heads. Mrs. Rogers laughed when he said that. She said, "Well, I don't know about you, but I think I'm drunk enough to have any sort of a head tomorrow and frankly, my dear, I don't really care. But if you're so afraid for your own life . . ."

"Look now . . . " Mr. Rogers started, but he stopped.

"They just sit there night after night, waiting for any man to come in and take them," Mrs. Rogers said.

"What?"

"The girls," she said. "They just sit there . . ."

"Oh, for God's sake, stop this!" her husband said. "Now are you coming up?"

Mrs. Rogers looked directly into her husband's face for a few moments with a puzzled expression in her eyes. Finally she said, "You think we're such clean, simple creatures, don't you?"

"And just what is *that* supposed to mean?" Mr. Rogers asked her.

"The dreams," she said.

"What dreams?"

Mrs. Rogers smiled and shook her head. "Nothing," she said.

As they were going upstairs, Mrs.

(*turn to page* 70)

"I only got a few feet of this when something happened to the camera—Martha wrecked it."

humor . . . **PAUL H. PUMPIAN**

ILLUSTRATED BY ISIP

Call it TV or... The Idiot Box

...a lot of brainstorming goes into its dubious delights.

It was 11 a.m. and I was sitting in my office at the Sher, Hawes, Ingersall and Trent Advertising Agency, deep in creative meditation. Why lie? I had closed my door in hopes of re-capturing a bit of last night's inadequate sleep. As this was an excellent cue for my phone to ring, it did. "It's Mr. Ingersall," purred my secretary. "He wants to see you in his office right away."

"What could he want now?" I muttered to myself as I wended my way through the vast expanse of offices and cubicles. Mr. Ingersall is one of the vice presidents of our company. He came to us several years ago from a prestige ivy league university where he was the top professor of advertising.

"Harvey," he said, "The Felix Hunk Show is the top property in this agency, am I not correct?"

"You certainly are, sir," I answered promptly. It is, too. A full hour in prime time, with an enormously high budget and a rating to match, best sums up The Felix Hunk Show.

"All right then," said Mr. Ingersall testily, "as television supervisor of this agency, what are you doing about it?"

"What's there to do about it?" I asked. "It's a popular show, and the products are selling. What more could you want?"

"Just as I thought," he scowled. "Lethargy is setting in.

"Advertising agencies," he said, reciting a passage he had taught in Advertising 01, up at Ivy Hall, "should oversee their television programs with the fervor of a mother hen tending her chicks. Do I make

myself clear, Harvey?" he asked. I nodded numbly, knowing my unpleasant task was cut out for me.

Felix Hunk is one of the few major entertainers in television today who holds a college degree . . . and though his sheepskin reveals him to be a humble Bachelor of the Gymnastic Arts, he is nonetheless a full fledged college graduate.

Back in his campus days, Felix thrived on close contact work—with anything but a text book, that is. He was an All American fullback, captain of the wrestling team, and a Herculean putter of the shot. The student body worshipped him (although a handful of scholarly prudes derisively referred to him as "The Jockstrap"), the wire services heralded him, and the alumni greased him. The only fly in this ointment of success was Felix' ferocious nature. On the field of combat he was a ruthless adversary, seizing every opportunity to rend his opponents' limbs, or re-arrange their features with the proclivity of a plastic surgeon obsessed with Salvador Dali. In short, Felix was a terror . . . but then, as his devotees would say, "Who's perfect?"

After college, Felix went in for a variety of professions, excelling in all, but, having the bad luck of a tragic hero, surrounded in all by incompetent associates. He played professional football, but being on one of the league's worst teams, and having one of the weakest lines in the sport's history, his quarterbacking was soon halved and his magnificent body was much the worse for the experience.

Having a flair for the dramatic, he also tried professional wrestling, and while his opponents could do naught with his magnificent, and by this time fairly well-recovered physique, an indignant old lady managed to run a five-and-a-half inch hairpin through his posterior. And so he was done with wrestling.

But this "sport of kings" served to introduce him to show business, and he quickly realized that any well-known athlete—namely, he—who condescends to appear before the public as a clown can make a pretty easy buck. So he became a comedian.

He hounded the Broadway shylocks until they had loaned him enough money to buy his material from the best comedy writers in town . . . and while other more established comics were dawdling away their lives stealing each others' material, or welshing mediocre writers out of mediocre ideas, Felix was strutting out before audiences with tailor made acts which brought screams of delight to his muscular ears.

Somehow I couldn't seem to shunt Felix' primeval proclivities from my mind as I entered the elevator to his palatial offices. Throughout all of his success, Felix was still the same cold-blooded cuss with malice toward all. To meet him at a disadvantage was insanity . . . to displease him was suicide. And my attending his program session was sure to encompass both. I left the elevator with the halting step of a French nobleman exiting from a tumbrill.

Felix saluted my entrance with a booming hello. He seemed genuinely pleased to see me. "Gentlemen," he said, rising and sweeping his hairy hand in my direction. "I'm sure you all know this feller. This is the man with the gray flannel money belt . . . and he's volunteered to sit in with us for awhile to see that everything is going along ginger-peachy. Ain't that sweet of 'im?" A group of teen-age butterflies suddenly began a frantic roll session in the pit of my stomach. "Shake hands with the boys, Harvey," he commanded. I knew the four men in sports shirts. They were among the most proficient and highly paid comedy writers in the business. Their flaccidly moist handshakes mollified my fingers for the cartilage-cracking mitts of the three muscular hulks seated at Felix' end of the table. These were his cronies . . . all former athletes that he kept on his payroll as combination confidants, errand boys and sparring partners. Then the work day began.

The writers sat at their side of the table devising uproarious comedy material which they punctuated with whoops and howls of unrestrained glee—while a secretary's typewriter recorded them for posterity. At the other end of the table, Felix and his henchmen arm-wrestled on the table, Indian style, and took turns pounding each others' biceps with inhumane thwacks that rattled the windows. At lunch time, the creative half of the room adjourned to a Chinese restaurant, while the size 18 collars waded into a steak parlor. After lunch, the procedure of the morning was repeated. This continued for the next two days . . . and I was never asked—nor did I volunteer a single opinion.

Then on the fourth day we entered the studio for the walk-throughs. The entire cast of the show was on hand now, and Felix suddenly became deadly serious . . . driving himself and everyone else with a magnetic ferocity. The effect was electrifying. Habitually temperamental guest stars were on hand, on time, and on their best behavior . . . hardened studio musicians played monotonous run-throughs as if they were auditioning for their jobs . . . and stage hands actually ran.

As I watched the show develop into a smoothly tailored, efficiently handled production, I began to feel more and more unwelcome—and unnecessary. So in order to keep from being trampled upon, I made myself a moving target by roaming freely about the set. That's when I saw her.

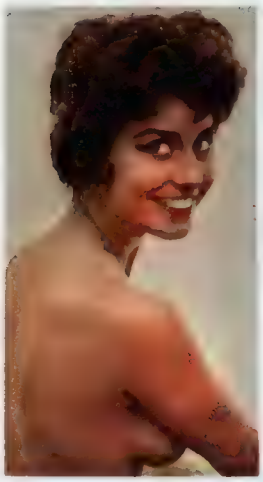
She was in the chorus that Felix uses on his show every week . . . and was an outstanding vision of loveliness—even in her unflattering rehearsal clothes. I had never noticed her on my weekly supervision of the show's commercial displays, because I was always too preoccupied in their arrangement . . . but now I had the time to look at her arrangement—and look I did, long and piercingly. She had a showgirl's body, extremely curvy and bordering on buxom . . . yet as supple as an ever-so-slightly deflated volley ball. I knew that I had to make a play for her. When she smiled back at me, I knew that the battle was more than half won.

Our first opportunity to meet came when the dancers were taking five after a particularly peppy routine. She was breathing heavily as we gravitated toward each other, and with each breath she took, the buttons on her fully packed blouse trembled in their moorings.

A brief introduction informed me that her name was Pat, and we were both forced to smile at the way we shook hands with a mutually lingering clasp.

I saw to it that my crew was set up for our commercials well in ad-

(*turn to page* 68)



According to Mr. Webster, some of the meanings of this astronomical term are: "The farthest or highest point; the culmination, the apex . . ."

pictorial essay . . .

APOGEE

PHOTOGRAPHY BY JUSTIN KERR/VISTA

Given that a girl has beauty of face and figure, it does not follow as the day the night, nor is it inherent in the rules of the game that she may, perforce, be able to rest on her laurels.

Beauty, when it is not in the eye of the beholder, is indeed, "a hard bought thing." In the particular case in point, that of Miss Nancy Crawford, hard physical exercise is responsible for keeping her at the apogee of her form. A strenuous work-out in a gym at least three times a week, she feels, is the necessary remedy to the sedentary nature of her vocation, that of receptionist.

Barbells lifted zestfully, graceful capering on the parallel bars, tumbling on gymnasts' mats, all the paraphernalia of the professional athlete, are called on to keep Miss Crawford at what she feels is her true apex of condition.

Not content to depend on her dusky hair and milk white complexion, the exercise, she feels, makes sure she has no flaccidity to mar the perfection of her form. In the same way she keeps her brain at its apogee by a strenuous series of courses taken in night school.

That these work-outs are not in vain is proved by the pages of this portfolio. That her determination to keep herself at the highest point of physical and mental fitness is going to pay off admirably is proved by the fact that this, her first modelling job, has caught the eye of a top Broadway talent scout, who brought her to the attention of an agent who is right this minute planning what he hopes will be a truly spectacular theatrical career for Miss Crawford.

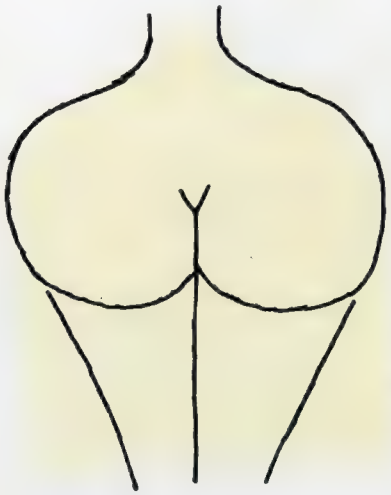
He has switched her night time studies from Aristotle and Plato to Stanislavsky and the Method. He has changed her barbell exercises to fencing and ballet. He has hired a voice coach and she is learning to speak so that her "words come trip-

pingly to her lips . . ." Not content with all this he has included her dossier in the press handouts of his publicity agent.

In short, he is leaving no stone unturned to make her hard physical endeavors and natural beauty pay off.

All things considered, and to paraphrase Mr. William Shakespeare of Stratford-on-Avon just a little bit, surely her future success is, "A culmination devoutly to be wished . . ."

ILLUSTRATED BY THE AUTHOR



humor . . . **ROBERT G. ELLIOTT**

Barefoot girl with cheek . . .

Can-Can

The word derriere, which you will not find in *The New Petite Larousse Illustré,* unless a lineal descendant of the Marquis de Sade has taken over the editorial chair, is a French word—of course—defining that portion of the anatomy upon which we sit.

A more critically sharp definition would be to the effect that it describes those undulant, provocative hillocks that are the sole possession of the feminine gender, as not many men, I am afraid, would cuddle up to the appellation.

With typical American know-how and gaucheness, we have dubbed it the "can," the "pratt," the "butt," and divers other names that the good old Obscenity Laws prohibit in print, except in certain esoteric books sold only in the rear of disreputable smoke shops, and in avant-garde novels by the stream of consciousness school.

This delectable phenomenon is known to the anatomist and art student simply as the gluteus maximus (from the Circus of the same name), and is dispassionately classified as a prosaic, workaday muscle, covered with a layer of fatty tissue for upholstery purposes; but to the true connoisseur, the arbiter elegantiarum, such a cold classification is opprobrious in the extreme, for to this select hedonist, the tailpiece is a fragile, lovely thing, to be associated with Royal Doulton Ware and smoked oysters, and to be thought of with the same loving thoughts.

It is curious to note that in the past, the magazines (which shall be nameless) devoted to haute couture assiduously avoided any reference to this fundament's existence, apparently placing it in the same category as insanity and syphilis; but lately, their pristine pages have been sprinkled with sly, giggling allusions to the national and international status of the derriere as it is affected by the latest rage from the cutter's room, done in such a knowing manner as to lead one to believe that they had uncovered it themselves, which is some cheek, if you ask me.

Even the fly-by-night magazines whose paid (?) advertising usually consists of double trucks displaying see-thru negligees and skin-tight, diaphanous bikinis, (for your *BEST* girl) have taken to running ads featuring girdles with "lusciously padded bottoms," and the quotes are theirs. Personally, with such a plethora of the natural unfettered stuff bobbing around, I can't imagine anything more depressing than the delightful anticipation of a firm pinch deteriorating into the sad realization that you have grabbed naught but a handful of foam rubber.

Down here in Miami Beach, the Coney Island of the South, the art of derriere watching has assumed the proportions of a minor science, and for good reason, too, because here shorts are de rigueur practically around the clock, and you are continually surrounded by cheeky dis-

plays of every size, shape and motion, and presented in a variety of dress and undress that would drive a man to dark, carnal deeds, were he not possessed of magnificent self-control—they keep telling me. But good or bad, concave or convex, they come at you from all directions as you saunter down once aristocratic Lincoln Road. They are ahead of you, beside you and, of course, behind you. They descend from the skies, they come in on the tide, they're blown in by the winds, and they're constantly in your line of vision, bobbing, twisting, weaving and undulating all over the scene, while the male tourists just stand and ululate right back. Incredible though it may seem, one becomes so hardened to the plenitude of showcased derrieres that one is able to become objective about it, and one can disregard the vagaries of sexual attraction and get right to the bottom of the matter of analysis, and if one believes that, one shouldn't be left alone with anything sharp.

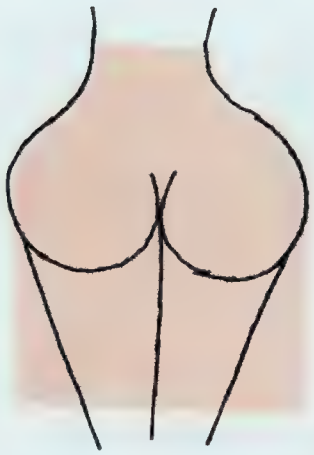
In line with the subject of analyzing this phenomenon, it is well to observe that despite the lavish display of the gluteus that is maximus, and the adoration to which it is subjected, no honest attempt has ever been made to classify the various types of derrieres in such a manner that one would have available a sort of Baedeker for derriere dilettantes.

In short, the epicure has been too long without a standard reference, and in order to bring method out of chaos, and to do for the man who is behind in his work what Escoffier has done for the gourmet, I have prepared an illustrated chart, easily folded to wallet size, in which I have attempted to limn in picture and prose the basic derriere and variations thereof that I hope will be of value to the derriere spotter the world over, and will banish forever the coarse generalities that usually attend discussions of the female empennage.

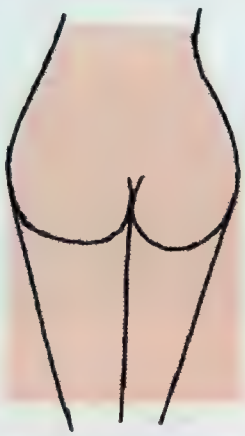
While this tract is primarily intended for the use of anthropologists, zoologists and biologists, I am certain that bootlegged copies will doubtless be employed by the cigar store flotsam and jetsam for purposes of coarse street corner evaluation. But I will be only too happy if universal appreciation will come of it, no matter what the means.

This definitive study, a sort of topographical opus with words, has been made from thousands of first hand observations, peppered with several brief skirmishes with the law, for I have been an ardent, yea, a feverish student of the posterior portions of females ever since discovering that derrieres differed from one another in size, contour and other subtle characteristics. I intend to pursue this study indefinitely, classifying and reclassifying delicate areas such as meshing properties, rhythmic nuance and the effect of girdle marks on romance, and in another ten years I will come up with either an international handbook of style, or an incurable case of the shakes, or, perish the thought, an indefinite term on Riker's Island.

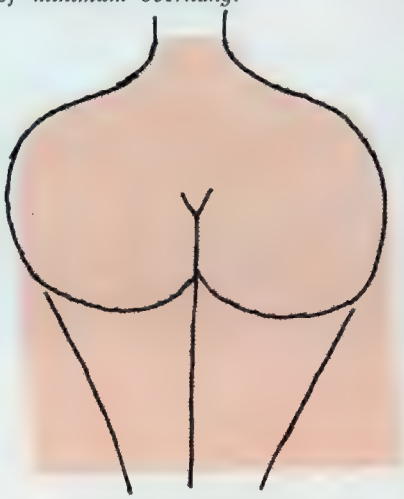
The appended sketches are by one of my staunchest friends, a madcap silhouette snipper I fished out of the Atlantic off Key Largo while I was trolling for trulls. Claiming to be a direct descendant of Michaelangelo Buonarroti, and wanted in seventeen countries for procuring without kickback, he has drawn the examples from life, eschewing the current practice of tracing or projecting from photographs, and having one hell of a lot more fun.



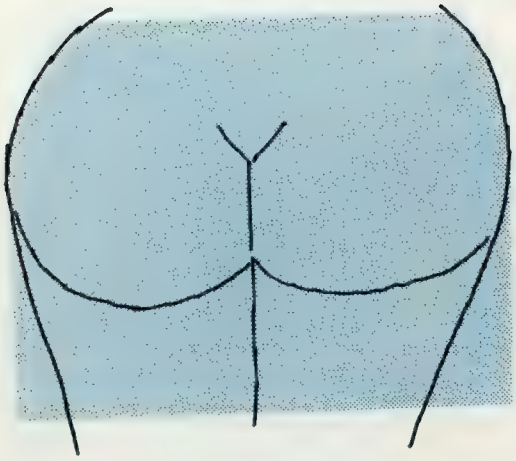
THE SHOW GIRL: *Average girth 38"-40." Quasi-aphrodisical in short shorts. Tendency to yaw when in violent motion. Time taken to return to rest determined by resiliency of padding. Not affected by cane bottoms. Good for barstools because of minimum overhang.*



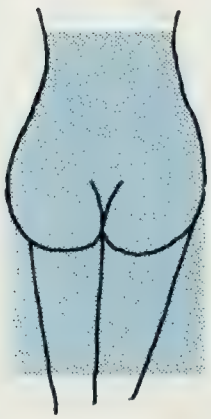
THE BASIC: *Average girth 36." The classy chassis, or, Venus had this. Pleasant, versatile, has a great potential. Looks good in toreadors and tennis shorts. Beautiful lateral motion. Up and down meshing superb in spike heels. Slight quiver in flats, depending on owner's muscle control and know-how.*



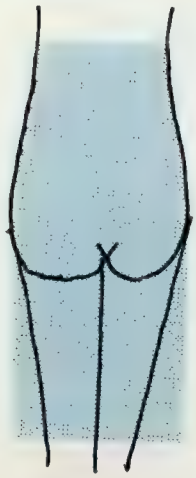
THE BAZOOM: *Average girth 40"-42." Usually featured in "1000 Glossy Pix of the Amazing Miss Twinklebutt." Dangerous in shorts. Incendiary in toreadors. Tendency to make carrier sway-backed. Not recommended for barstools, due to maximum overhang. Girdles only define, do not limit.*



THE REVOLTER: *Average girth 44"-54." This is impossible. Invariably shoe-horned into tight shorts with phenomenal overhang. Stay away from this. What else can I say?*



THE BABY DOLL: *Average girth, 33"-36." Cutest of them all. This is the* derriere provocatif. *Absolutely irresistible in tight skirt. Gorgeous motion, laterally and perpendicularly. Exquisite profile. Breathtaking on a barstool. Girls with this type have it made—they never fall in arrears.*



LITTLE GIRL, CONTINENTAL, OR LOLITA: *Average girth, 31"-33." This is for Cannery Row connoisseurs. The professional hedonist suffers agonies over this. Lateral movement rhapsodic . . . the angels sing . . . celestial music drowns you . . . you're home.*

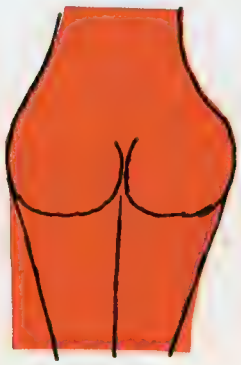
Those, of course, are only the basic types; in between, there are literally hundreds of variations, both good and bad, but with the exception of the *rara avis* that defies description, the foregoing layout should suffice for our purposes.

Since it is my humble hope that this modest chart will become international in scope, I believe it well to mention that preferences vary with the climate. For example, the North Temperate Zone favors anything from the Baby Doll up to and including the Basic, whereas aficionados of the more lush semi-tropical climes shout "OLE!" at the sight of a Bazoom or a Revolter; OLE, in this case, meaning "Take to the hills!"

Work of tender and loving art that the derriere is, the law says it must be covered in public, and the stipulations as to what consists of ample concealment, or revealment, vary with the locales. Our effete civilization, not to be influenced by the pure nudists or the diaper set of Cannes and Nice, has decreed full coverage, but over the course of the years, ingenious designers, aided and abetted by mi-

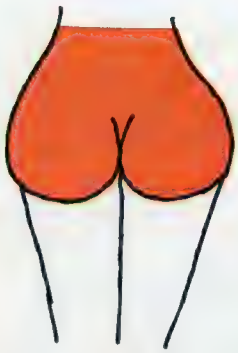
lady's desire to flaunt it in the breeze, have come up with a varied assortment of now you see it, now you don't garments to shelter the rear porch. However, they all fall into one of four classifications, and within this framework, the lure of the hills is enhanced considerably by those wonderful, red-blooded chicks who do all they can to reveal their assets within the limits of the tolerance of the local gendarmes, short of disrobing.

The basic coverings are: Bermuda shorts, Tennis shorts, Short shorts, and Short short shorts, and the wearers may be classified as follows:



BERMUDAS: *Worn by girls in Bermuda, girls at Bennington, Sarah Lawrence, and like institutions, gray-haired ladies who ride bicycles, lean, gray-haired Main Liners (Philadelphia, not narcotics), shy newlyweds, "smart young conformists," and lean, gray-haired ladies in general.*

TENNIS SHORTS: *Worn by tennis players, drum majorettes, sportswomen, your mother, my mother, risqué middle agers who shouldn't, librarians and social workers on vacation.*



SHORT SHORTS: *Worn by all San Quentin quail, giddy matrons trying to arouse the wealthy bachelor next door (he's gay), and all Brigitte Bardot imitators.*

SHORT SHORT SHORTS: *Worn by exhibitionists, girls who forgot the shorts shrank while they grew, fresh air lovers, show girls, sadists, teasers, etc.*

No matter what the covering, or lack of it, (excepting those horrid super-dirndls and bouffant skirts) there are certain climes and atmospheres in which the derriere seems to flower, to blossom, to tremble delicately and to come into its own lush, full bloom, and since time immemorial, the barstool has been the showcase of the nation, particularly those barstools that face a bank of booths, which insure an audience at all times. Here all the wiles and stratagems, which put to shame those of Bret Harte's heathen Chinee, are put to full use. Shorts, cleverly purchased to display a maximum, lawful coverage when the wearer is standing assume the tautness of a sausage casing when the fundament is thrown over a barstool, and the practiced hetaera adds a backward thrust of the torso as an extra dividend.

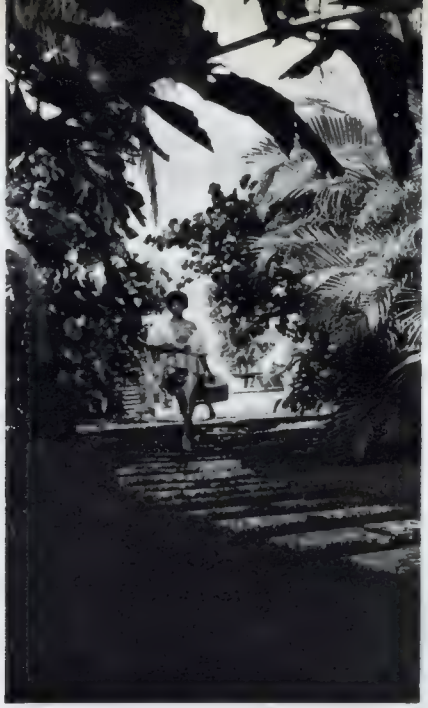
Then there is a cunning group among the barstool set that employs a clever bit of needle work to attain its ends. Purchasing a pair of shorts two sizes too small, they rip out the back seam and re-sew it after folding the material in considerably. This provides individual casseroles, as it were, for each segment of the derriere, and when seen protruding over a barstool, this type is capable of causing a thrombosis among the less stalwart.

The devil-may-care and the teaser set is almost fanatical in its choice of color and material for the display, usually picking a very fine wale cotton gabardine of an "off pink" shade, which they manage, probably using a secret formula known only to them, to bleach, wash, beat and fade to a color closely approximating their own flesh. Seen from a distance of ten feet, it appears that the wearer is naked from the waist down, and this fact alone is responsible for lechers to go many blocks out of their way for a prolonged view, and my boss told me that if I were late one more time at lunch, he'd be forced to sack me.

I could go on rhapsodizing by the hour as I dig through my voluminous files, but I know that each and every one of you has his own secret observation post; his own little indestructible fetishes, and his own private opinions as to what is worthwhile in his bailiwick. My only hope is that I have in some small measure done my bit to fulfill a long felt want, and that now, when sundry groups gather in the locker room over Saturday and Sunday, and one of your fellow intellectuals happens to mention some wench he went dancing with and attempts to describe her, he will not have to fumble for words to convey her measurements, but will simply say, "And boy, was she ever a BAZOOM! A real solid BAZOOM!" This derriere shorthand will instantly convey to one and all a vivid mental image with which you can titillate your dirty little minds, and misconceptions will be a thing of the past.

I would like to end this treatise on a warning note, particularly for all tyros who perhaps have come to believe that becoming a professional

(*turn to page 72*)



PHOTOGRAPHY BY ART MAYER

"In Xanadu did Kubla Khan a stately . . .

Pleasure Dome . . . decree . . ."

For bachelors only.

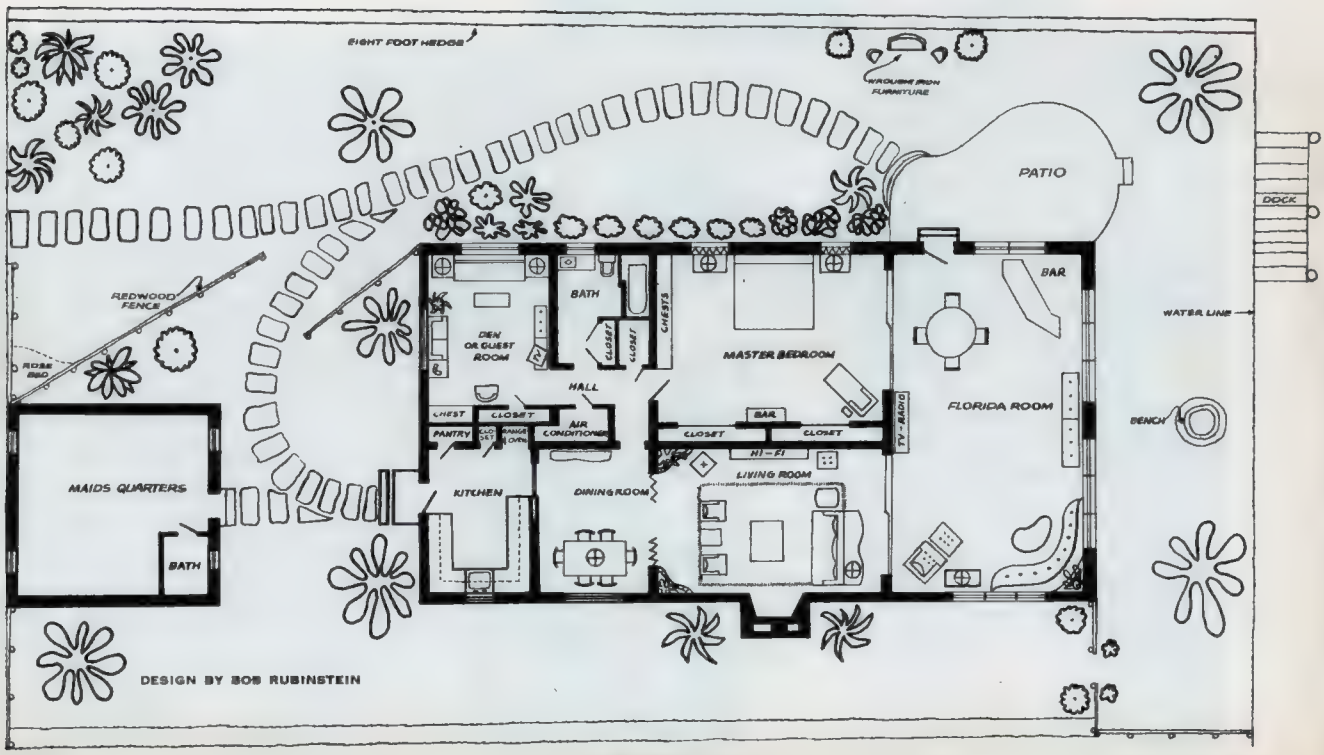
pictorial essay

You've finally come into your inheritance and decided to set aside a suitable sum for the construction of a bachelor house laid out just for fun.

First you have the surroundings landscaped and fenced in, as shown, to assure complete privacy. Naturally, since you've chosen a waterfront site, your quarters have a boat dock. Nestling close to the water is the patio where the area is provided with every accoutrement needed for outdoor living.

You don't want a big rambling home, but a small compact one. Since you know that music has charms to soothe the savage breast, your hi-fi equipment is piped into every room.

Your Florida room is 15′ by 27′ and boasts a white brick bar and a breakfast area which is provided for through a glass sliding door leading to the master bedroom. The color scheme is black, white and turquoise.



There's nothing like comfort so you get a Lawson lounge chair and ottoman, covered in black and white unborn calf skin.

Plantation shutters setting off the living and dining room provide the intimacy you're after . . . The fireplace wall, done in white slump brick lends an interesting texture contrast to the white vinyl floors. The 11′ by 19′ living room is done in black, white, brown, and turquoise, set off by natural walnut wood finishes.

Your bathroom, again in black and white, is wallpapered with a design called "Les Girls." Black cartoon sketches on a white vinyl background lend interest to this most utilitarian of rooms . . . Your luxurious waterfront lawn, landscaped to within an inch of its life with tropical plants is made to order for sunbathing . . .

The master bedroom adjoining the Florida Room is easily accessible to the bar . . . The bed size is 6′ by 6′. The teakwood furniture is trimmed in brass with marble tops. The chaise lounge lends a restful feeling to the white and blue decor. The 15′ by 19′ room seems larger than it is because of the white walls, white ceiling and white wall-to-wall carpeting.

The maid's room, 38″, 23″, 36″, is more than adequate . . .

ILLUSTRATED BY RAY KEANE

Happy as a Dog

Beware

the suit

with

four arms . . .

The Paris business ended routinely. Lila and I made our tearful and affectionate farewells, her husband was recalled to Mexico, and I took the afternoon plane to London. By four o'clock (with the help of the hour's time difference), Gillings, my chief, was chewing my tonsils off in the old familiar office, in the old familiar way.

"Burke," he said, "I despair of you. When are you going to grow up?"

"Yes, sir," I agreed.

"You have been in the Diplomatic Service for more than eight years. That is time enough, surely, to acquire the rudiments of common sense?"

"Yes, sir."

"Being neither a fool, a politician, nor a drug addict, you might go far."

"Yes, sir."

"But you can't, or won't, leave women alone."

"No, sir."

He looked at me from weary baggy eyes, and sighed.

"What do you want me to do—turn queer?" I asked.

"As a queer you might be a little more discreet. But a minor surgical operation is more what I have in mind. Oh, well, I suppose I shall have to find another job for you. Meanwhile you had better stay here and lend a hand with the paper work. Room 142."

I prepared to leave. "Thank you, sir."

"Perhaps you don't take enough

exercise," Gillings suggested. "Outdoor exercise, that is," he added hastily.

Room 142 had an ante-room—141. My new secretary was sitting there, behind a battered decrepit desk, operating a battered decrepit typewriter. I observed, with pleasure, that she didn't match one little bit. She was small and blonde, with a business-like appearance, a brisk innocent face, and give-away eyes.

I stood by her desk. "I'm John Burke. I've been transferred from Paris."

She looked at me. "I know."

The face was expressionless, but the eyes flickered. I pulled a chair over and sat down by her.

"So we'll be working together," I said. "I must say, I can't think of any prospect more delightful. What's your name?"

"Miss Lucas." I smiled at her warmly. "Jane Lucas."

"Well, Jane," I said, "come on in. I'm depending on you to show me the ropes."

Things progressed smoothly and evenly for the next two days. Jane had just accepted an invitation to dinner that evening when Gillings called me in again. He looked excited, I thought. That made two of us.

"Burke," he said, "I've got some staggering news."

"Yes, sir."

"The Russians have got satellites, and the Americans have got satellites. The Russians have got an ICBM, and the Americans have got an ICBM. What have we got here in England?"

A stock response, I felt, was indicated.

"The old *savoir-faire*, sir?"

Gillings shook his head impatiently. He lowered his voice but sharpened it.

"We've got a Martian."

That little place in Charlotte Street, I thought—the table in the little alcove. I'd better ring up and reserve it myself.

"Yes, sir," I agreed.

He threw out his hands in a small gesture. "Listen to what I'm saying! A *Martian*. You know what the word means?"

I snapped my mind back, though reluctantly. "Not exactly, sir. All these new scientific developments leave me a little confused. I subscribe to the *New Scientist*, but somehow there's so little time for private reading."

"A Martian," Gillings said slowly but impatiently, "is an inhabitant of Mars. The planet Mars. We have one. An Ambassador, in fact. He has come to present his credentials at the Court of St. James. Are you beginning to catch my drift?"

Most of our people finished up eccentric, but generally they were not certifiable before retiring age. I said gently:

"Mars is uninhabited. In that new book by Arthur Clarke . . ."

"We have a Martian," Gillings repeated. "He landed by space vehicle in Scotland last night. Not far from the place Hess dropped."

"He? How do you know? Don't tell me it was wearing tails, ready for the formal presentation?"

"Oddly enough, he was. There are anatomical differences, but the Martians are not bug-eyed monsters. Very good tails, too. His tailor is better than mine."

Poor old Gillings, I thought. That's what comes of ambition and spending your spare time presiding over the adulteries of apple trees. He was still under fifty.

"Anyway," Gillings went on, "you'll find out all about that. We're making you his equerry."

"Equerry," I asked indulgently, "to a Martian?"

"You'll handle the protocol. Miss Shawe-Bagley will be on hand to cover the social side." He pressed his inter-com switch. "Send Miss Shawe-Bagley in, Sarah, would you?"

He leaned back and looked at me. "It's a triumph," he declared. "The first contact from outer space, and they choose us as their medium. Missiles and satellites may be all very well, but the old *savoir-faire* still counts, you know, Burke—it still counts."

The door opened, and Miss Shawe-Bagley came in. My eyes swiveled and riveted. Tall, brunette, an appearance as efficient as Jane's, but with the accent more on languor than briskness. That kind of secret smile about the lips that infuriates and overjoys.

"Helen," Gillings said, "this is John Burke, who will be working with you in this Martian affair."

We shook hands. "Helen," I said. "No name could possibly be more appropriate."

The smile deepened by possibly a millimeter.

"This business is of the greatest importance," said Gillings. Diplomatically speaking, it puts the clock back fifty years. The department—the country—is counting on you both."

"Leave it to us," I said. "I can see this is going to be a really successful partnership."

Meeting Helen had put the question of Gillings' sanity right into the background: in such company I wouldn't have minded if the assignment had been pink elephants or leprechauns. It was with some surprise, therefore, that I found myself, later in the day, introduced to His Excellency Sloot Owt, Ambassador from the planet Mars to the Court of St. James, London, England, the World.

I saw at once what Gillings had meant about the tailor, and simultaneously the anatomical differences. He was informally dressed in well-cut flannels and a hacking jacket. I had a better tailor than Gillings, but even so I recognized the style of a master—particularly in view of the anatomical differences. The jacket had sleeves at the back as well as the front, to accommodate Sloot Owt's second pair of arms.

His hair was *en brosse*, and covered only the top of his head. The explanation for this, as I saw when he turned sideways, was that he doubled in eyes as well as arms; he had an extra pair in the back of his head.

The effect was grotesque at first sight, but one got used to it surprisingly quickly. This was probably due to Sloot Owt's notably extroverted personality. He talked thirty-eight to the dozen, in a not unpleasant amalgam of half a dozen American accents.

"Glad to know you, Mr. Burke," he informed me, extending one of his four arms. "And I guess this is Miss Shawe-Bagley? I'm deeply honored to make your acquaintance, ma'am."

He offered her a smoochy smile. From anything but a Martian, it would have had me worried.

I said: "I'm extremely happy to have the privilege of serving you, your Excellency. If . . ."

All four arms waved in dismissal. "Keep that kind of stuff for the big

(*turn to page* 65)

PHOTOGRAPHY BY BILL CRESPINEL/COMBINE

pictorial essay

If Detroit
can get away
with a big promotion
based on calling
their baby
The *Car,*
it seems
Audrey Sellwood
can safely be called . . .

THE *girl*

In all serious discussions of the American Male and his sexual *idée fixe* there is a great brouhaha made

about what stereotype of female beauty is most appealing to his libido.

Hollywood, long before the advent of Sophia Loren, Gina, Brigitte et al, did very well with a stereotype they dubbed The Girl Next Door. Wholesome, pretty, she was the apotheosis of the well-scrubbed suburban look.

Now that the foreign invasion

has reached its peak, some sociologists maintain that the time has come for a return of T.G.N.D.

If they're right, Audrey, as the pages of this portfolio prove, might well be the vanguard of a return to . . . THE *girl* . . .

ILLUSTRATED BY ALDO RUBANO

article . . . **ALLEN CHURCHILL**

MEET MISOGYNY

*"**Belladonna:** In Italian, a beautiful woman; in English, a deadly poison; thus demonstrating the similarity between the two languages."*
Ambrose Bierce

I met a glamour chick the other night. A real top-drawer type, willowy, high-cheekboned, very snazzy with the fashion. We met at a cocktail party and—at her suggestion—went on to a night club. It was a spot she picked, one where if you are well enough known you can receive personal phone calls. She was well enough known. The moment we sat down the waiter whipped up a pastel-colored phone and set it on the table. As soon as he did it gave a discreet buzz. It was for her, of course, and when she finished there came another buzz—and another.

The first call was from a popular actor, the second from a diplomat, the third a cousin of an Arabian prince. They all wanted dates and

to each this gorgeous chick talked long and intimately. "I can see you a week from Thursday night," she told one. To another: "How about a week from Friday?" She marked each date down in a tiny book. Then, contented as a kitten, she leaned back and raised big blue eyes to mine. "Don't you wish you were me?" she asked.

I didn't get a chance to answer because just then the phone gave another discreet buzz. But I'll tell her now. The word is No—an emphatic NO. I wouldn't be her for anything. There are plenty of beautiful girls around, especially in New York where I roam the range. But reluctantly I've come to the conclusion that they're mostly monsters. By our slavish worship of cover-girl faces, bulging bosoms and streamlined gams, we have created a new breed of callous, self-centered bitch. She's so spoiled and pampered by our fulsome adoration that she sees no need for good manners, ordinary decency or the use of brains.

In my book, we've substituted for Momism an equally unpleasant "ism"—Dollism. The result is no fun, only vexation, for the male who likes to date beautiful girls.

Be a beautiful girl? I've come to hate 'em. Who'd want to be one of *them?*

I write as something of an expert, for you see I'm a bachelor. A thirty-ish-going-on-forty type who stays single because he likes the company of girls. Not *a* girl—but girls.

According to what I hear and read, I'm a much-envied guy. But with beautiful girls being what they are, the envy's misplaced. To prove it, I'll take you along on a typical date—a date that really happened. It won't prove that cute chicks throw soup in your face or spit in your eye. Such violent actions might be welcome. No—it's the subtle tortures that make beautiful dolls so hard on the girl-happy guy who dates them.

Our date-for-purposes-of-illustration began at a cocktail party, for everyone knows they're the best place for meeting girls. Bachelors get many invitations—they're the first on any list. Hostesses seem to think an unmarried man with a wolfish tinge is just the dash of bitters a cocktail party needs.

So my "adventure" began at such a party, given by married friends of mine. There were lots of people there, one a standout: a young TV actress, bright blonde hair swinging loosely to her shoulders, a glamour puss and a shape to dream of. A girl who couldn't be lovelier. I kept her in the corner of my eye as I moved around the room. Then I grabbed the hostess and got her to introduce me to the gal. I was making fine progress talking to her, or so I thought, when a dowager I'd met before seized me by the arm, and began a long story. The girl wisely slipped away and again from the corner of my eye I watched her progress around the room. Suddenly I stiffened. She was speaking to the hostess, inching toward the door. Before I could move, it was too late. Goddamn it, she'd gone!

That's how such things happen. Or did happen—for, remember, all this happened to me. For a while I had an empty feeling in the pit of my stomach. Then I forgot about the pretty chick — until the next afternoon, that is. My hostess of the night before phoned then. After I thanked her for the party, she began burbling: "Boy, did you make a conquest! That slick little TV actress. She thought you were the mostest. She called me this morning and wanted to know all about you. Asked all sorts of questions. Made me promise to find out if you'd take her out some night. I'll give you her phone number. Here it is, write it down."

In a delighted daze, I did. For this, of course, is the bachelor's dream: girl interested even before the first date. I took a few turns around my apartment, all buoyed up. I had an invitation to a private screening of a movie that night, and wondered if she'd like to go with me. I knew I'd like to take her. So I dialed her number and found that luck was still with me. Beautiful girls are seldom home, which causes many a potential romance to die a-borning. But this girl answered in person. I told her who I was.

A long pause. Then—*"Who?"* she wanted to know.

This was not the ecstatic reaction I'd expected, but perhaps she had things on her mind. Or maybe I hadn't spoken clearly. I told her again, speaking slowly, stressing syllables. Again the long pause before she spoke. *"Who* is this?" she demanded. At least I was making some progress—three words, instead of one.

I told her once more, trying to keep irritation out of my voice. Another brooding silence which I broke. "Look," I said. "We met at the party last night. I just talked to our hostess and she told me you called her, said you'd like to see me again. Now did you say that, or didn't you? If you didn't, I'll just hang up."

"I guess I did," she admitted vaguely.

Okay—a smart guy would quit right there. But I'm human and I didn't. Instead, I pushed on, making her say she's free and willing (you could never say eager) to accompany me to the movie preview. "Fine," I said. "We'll meet in the lobby of the building at eight." I gave her the address.

I was there on time. No girl. No sharp-looking blonde any man would be proud to be seen with. Plenty of pretty girls going in, but all with other guys. Eight-five, eight-ten, eight-fifteen, and finally eight-thirty. It's hard to figure which is worse, the butterflies in my stomach or the anger in my blood.

By eight-thirty, I'd decided she's not going to show, so I had to figure whether to go upstairs to the movie, which had already begun, or angrily go home. I chose the movie and rode up in the elevator. I opened the door of the screening room and as I did a triangle of light knifed into the darkness inside. In the center of it sat my dazzling date. She hadn't forgotten me, either. She was saving a seat.

I never did discover how the hell she got in without tickets (I had 'em, not she), or how she found the right screening (there were at least three different ones in the building that night and I hadn't told her which one). By the time I was free to ask, I didn't care. For another problem presented itself as soon as I got seated beside her.

Like most young-girls-around-the-theater-and-TV, my date knew a lot of the minor actors whose shadows stalked the screen. It'd never seemed to me that this was a great distinction. Actors should know actors, just as I know writers, and streetcleaners know streetcleaners. But every time a new one appeared, my girl announced, "I worked with him on Armstrong Theater." Or:

"That's So-and-So. He's married to Whosis."

This information she gave out in a Tallulah-like whisper that let everyone in the vicinity know about it. And, having begun, she made comments all through the picture, totally oblivious to the angry stares beamed on her.

At the end I was in a new stew of irritation—and you would have been too! I didn't try to stop her, though. From long experience with attractive dolls, I knew they consider themselves without flaw, angrily rejecting any intimations to the contrary. If I shushed her, she'd only get articulately mad. But as the lights went up and we left the projection room my mood was not helped by the fact that the looks we got were not admiration for her, but pity for me!

Wordlessly we went down in the elevator, and I led her to a nearby bar. Her drink, she tells me, is Scotch. A glass of it was placed before her. She lifted it, touched it briefly to her upper lip, set it down.

"What's the matter?" I asked. "Isn't it good Scotch?"

"She raised lustrous eyes to mine. "It's good, I guess," she informed me, "but I don't drink."

I looked at the glass. I looked at her. I visualized the check, which I knew would read Scotch: 90c. I took a deep breath and asked: "If you don't drink why did you order Scotch? Why not Coke or ginger ale, or something like that? Why expensive Scotch?"

Her wide-eyed stare never wavered. "Because if I did drink, I'd drink Scotch," she explained plausibly.

In my humble view dates between guys and gals should be for mutual enjoyment. In addition to shelling out his hard-earned cash, the fellow should do everything possible to see that the girl with him has a good time.

On her side, the girl should try to make the date interesting and stimulating to the male. The most elementary way to please a man (a knowledge females are supposedly born with) is to show some interest in the poor jerk. Ask him questions about himself, for instance. Yet I have spent entire evenings with girls who talk about themselves tirelessly, never even bothering to ask what I do for a living.

"Bar fly."

On this particular date, we had a conversational opening — our host and hostess of the night before. I kept them alive as long as possible, then asked, "Are they your best friends?"

She shook her head so hard the bright hair did cartwheels. "Oh, no," she said. "Mr. Pettibone's my best friend." She went on to tell me about Pettibone, and, to say the least, he sounded strange. Or weird. Finally I couldn't help it. "Who is this Pettibone?" I demanded. Her face lit up more and she told me Mr. Pettibone is a large black and white teddy bear she keeps on her bed at home. She's a self-supporting, busty, grown-up girl but she can't go to sleep at night until she tells Mr. Pettibone everything she's done that day. Then, believe it or not, he tells her right back whether she's done wrong or right.

It takes time to bring jazz like this into mental focus, and once it's focused you feel like doing something. Mayhem, maybe. But all you can do is stare long and hard. "Do you want anything to eat?" I finally asked—anything to get away from the subject of Pettibone. I pushed her toward a table where she ordered a hamburger which she devoured with every sign of enjoyment. I couldn't help thinking, though, that she would have liked it more if she didn't smoke between bites.

She also talked. In vast detail, she told me about people I didn't know and care less about knowing. I also heard about her father and mother and the kid brother who just never writes. A couple of times she seemed on the verge of showing enough interest to ask a few questions about me. But she didn't and my mind went back to the cocktail-party hostess on the telephone. ("She wanted to know all about you," she said.)

I choked.

By the time she ordered a second hamburger—together with a midnight glass of milk!—I had an acute case of Bachelor's Blues, or You Can't Win-itis. It makes a guy feel like plunging away from where he is and running at top speed until he drops. Or getting dead drunk. No matter what, I wanted out from the situation I was in, so I cleared my throat and told this dazzling chick that writers need a lot of sleep—I've got to get home early.

(*turn to page* 72)

"I mean, have you got the picture? Here is this girl; this terrific, tender young thing and she's standing here in the hot desert sunset and the wind is blowing against her—you know, so her dress sort of clings to her all over . . ."

And Director J. Sam Brampson squinted his eyes. He flicked his cigar ashes into the sand. He took a deep breath.

"Clings to her all over. Then here comes the dragon—this slimy creature from another age—oozing up behind her. Now, this is the climax of the whole thing, see; the kids in the audience will be screaming their little heads off. And the background music will be giving it the big thing with the kettle drums . . ."

He paused, swiveled around and looked at the little circle of people. "You all with me? Understand what I want?"

The terrific, tender young thing nodded at him. She smoothed out her dress with her hands. It clung to her all over.

And the dragon nodded.

"All right. Why the hell can't we shoot it that way then?" Brampson crushed out the cigar under his heel and kicked sand over it. He stood up and pulled at the side of his shirt where it was pasted to his stomach. "Jeez, what I put up with. Budget pictures. Budget players and location shots. And deserts, yet."

"You said it, Sam," the dragon said. "I mean, you think it's hot out there where you are. Man, you ought to check it inside here. I'm

To catch a dragon—first, steal a virgin . . .

ILLUSTRATED BY RON WING

"Television, my eye! It's a one way glass into the apartment next door."

standing here in my jockey-strap and I'm wringing wet."

"Never mind the hot. Let me see the teeth," Brampson said.

The dragon twisted its head around and roared and the sound fanned out over the valley. The claws flexed, digging up sharp furrows in the sand and the forked tongue danced in and out.

"The teeth. Teeth. T-E-E-T-H!" Brampson stepped up close and looked the dragon in the eye. "Don't you know how to run that thing yet?"

And the dragon snapped at him, twisted yellow fangs shining wet in the sun.

"Sorry, boss," he said. He snapped around at the air a few times and thrashed his tail.

"That's better," Brampson said. "Forty-five hunnert lousy dollars to build one dragon and you don't know how to make the teeth work." He turned on his heel and waved them all into place. "All right, all right," he said. "So we take it all from the top again.

"Now don't forget to show me some chest and some leg—you know, where the dragon snatches up this kid and drags her off to his cave. You got that dress fixed so it rips away?"

He stepped up close to the terrific, tender young thing and bent his head close to hers. He held her by the arm with his hand.

"Now, come on, baby," he said, talking low. "Give me your best stuff in this shot. I mean, after all, we got another picture coming up right after we finish this one—and no budget stuff, either. I'll probably direct it, see? And I'll have the say-so about who I want in it? Know what I mean?"

"Yes, Sam," she said. "Only let go my arm. Your hand is all wet."

Sam turned and waved in the camera crew.

"So all right," he said. "Let's take it."

It was smooth: The monster grabbed the girl and her dress ripped away in front; he wheeled and slithered into the mouth of the cave. Then he turned back for that final shot—teeth snapping . . .

That's when it happened.

There was a blast of color at the entrance to the cave and for a split second it looked as if there were two dragons.

"What the hell," snapped Brampson, "is this?" He dropped his cigar.

And the terrific, tender young thing was gone.

Whoooooooooooosh.

There was just a little piece of brassiere strap lying in the spot where she had been.

"Put me down," she said. "Come on, now. Stop it or I'll tell Sam."

The dragon put her down and stepped back.

"Wild," he said. "You seem to be popping right out of those clothes, kiddo. What the hell is this, a stag movie?"

She put her hands on top of her head.

"You're getting cinders in my hair," she said. Then she stopped. She looked at the dragon again. "Cinders," she said. "What's this thing with the cinders, Joe?"

The dragon winked one red eye. He blew a perfect smoke ring out of each nostril.

"So what do you want?" he said. "I mean, like it's the way I breathe." He shrugged. "It came with the body."

The terrific, tender young thing looked at him again, closer. She blinked and pulled the front of her dress together, holding it against the lush, full swell of her breasts.

"You're not Joe," she said.

"I should hope to tell you I'm not Joe," the dragon growled. He arched his long neck and looked down the front of her dress. "The greatest," he said. "Now, where was I? Oh, yeah. Stop looking like I'm going to eat you up or something. I mean, I haven't eaten anybody up in a couple thousand years. That kind of jazz went out with high-button armor." He coughed up some chartreuse smoke. "Excuse me. Makes me just a little ill to think about it."

"Oh, cut out the clowning. Give me a cigarette." She looked around at the blackness. "Look, where the hell are we?"

"So who needs cigarettes?" The dragon glowed up into reds and yellows until he gave off color like a grand finale. "I mean, I don't smoke, doll. But I eat fire, though. Lord knows it ain't much, but dragons been eating fire for centuries." He looked down at his stomach. "And besides, I haven't got any pockets."

The terrific young thing thought it over.

"What you're trying to tell me is—you're a real dragon. Not Joe, but a REAL dragon. Is that what you're trying to tell me?"

"You talk like an old Dragnet script," he said. "But since you ask: Yes, I am a real dragon. A real d-r-a-g-o-n."

She looked at him again.

He was big and baggy, with rusty-colored scales and a long, thick neck. He had pink eyes and there was a fire inside his stomach. He had a long tail poking out behind him with notches on it like the dragon in the King Kong movie.

"All right, so where are we?" she said.

"We're in my cave, old kid. Or I should say—my Monument Valley cave. I got caves all over, you know . . ."

"You mean lair. Dragons live in lairs. Not caves."

He sighed up a puff of yellow smoke and it hung heavy around his head.

"Naw. I mean, like we used to have lairs and all that old routine. Back in our salad days. Those palmy old days when there were enough dragons and trolls to go around. But not any more. I'm the last of the red hot dragons, baby . . ."

He hefted himself up and did a little off-to-Buffalo step, dancing on all four feet. "Oh, you pack your little thesies and I'll pack my little thosies and awaaaaaay we'll go . . ." Then he sat down again and looked at her.

"Incidentally, they'll never find you here," he said. "Too many passages. You're down in the—you should pardon the expression—bowels of the earth. Look, what have you got on under that crazy dress, anyway?"

The terrific, tender young thing pulled the front together again.

"It's all me," she said. "And never mind. You old lecher."

"That's me all over. Lecher self go." And he heaved up again and did a little time-step. He breathed out some cinders. "Ohhhhhh, lecher self go, relax and lecher self go . . ."

He stopped and looked back over his shoulder at her, waggling his fanny and his forked tongue lolled out one side of his mouth. "Want to know why you're here?" he said. "I'm a sick dragon. A sick, sick, sick old dragon, dear. Truly sick. Just an old retread, that's me . . ."

"So what do you want I should do? Call a vet? It's crazy; I don't cure sick dragons, I just . . ."

"I'm in love."

"Oh."

And the tender young thing smiled up at him. She stepped in a little closer to the warmth of his stomach and she reached up and patted him between the eyes. She dipped one hand down into the soft hollow between her breasts and pulled up a Kleenex. And she blew her nose.

"You're such a sweet baby," she said. She patted her hair back into place and smoothed out the front of her dress with both hands. It was ripped down the front, pushed open by the proud thrust of her chest and it clung sleekly across the smooth, round lines of her stomach.

"But, honey," she said. "You got to understand that I can't stay here with you. I mean, like we live in two different worlds. This can never be. Look: I got to go back to the earth. To the sunshine and the flowers—to the people I love and the people who love me . . ."

"Cut," the dragon said. "Stop it. Cut. C-U-T! Look, kiddo: Do I got to spell it out for you?

"It's not YOU I'm in love with. Dragons don't love people."

The terrific, tender young thing blinked.

He grinned at her. "It's that fabulous young creature up there at the mouth of the cave that I'm in love with. You know—that frantic little monster you've hired to work this picture with you. Man, that scaly little sex-pot with the big red eyes."

He turned on the fire in his stomach again.

"You with me now, busty? You realize what all this means to me? Do you dig the immensity of it all? Here I've been wandering around all these thousands of years . . . alone. The last dragon left. The last leaf upon the tree and all that jazz. Then, suddenly, who should come wriggling into my life but another dragon? And yet—more than just another dragon, kid. A real dream come true. A little slant-eyed vixen, all cuddly and green scales. Someone to love again. See?"

She blew her nose again.

"Jeez," she said. "You ought to be in pictures. I mean, you say it all so well. You choke me up; kind of make me want to cry. But, look . . . ah, what can I call you?"

"Clive. The name is Clive."

"Oh. Well, look . . . Clive. I mean, that isn't any *real* monster up there at the mouth of the cave. You follow me? What I'm trying to say is, we had that thing made up back at the studio, see, and it cost Sam forty-five hundred dollars. You know, they looked through all the old King Arthur books and all that stuff and they made up this monster out of soft rubber and electric wiring and pulleys and motors . . ."

"Baloney."

"No. I mean, really. I'm not handing you a line. It's the truth. And it's great to have a *real* dragon like you give it the old okay. You know, you're a kind of . . . well, a *critic* . . ."

"Hold it," he said. "Just hold it, chesty. Now, don't hand me that old routine about dragons. I'll admit my old eyes might be failing me a bit. After all, I'm a few thousand years old. And they don't make glasses this big.

"But I can still spot a real, live dragon when I see a REAL, LIVE dragon. And this happens to be the cutest little doll I've ever seen . . . even when we were plentiful." He paused. "By the way, what's your name?"

"You mean my movie name? Or my real name?"

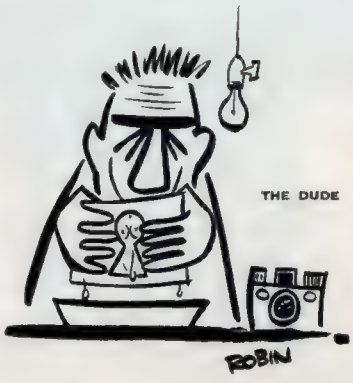
"What the hell do I care which name? What can I call you?"

"In the movies my name is going to be Shannon Blaine. But my name is really Doris Findley. You can call me Shannon."

The dragon nodded.

"All right, busty," he said. "Now: Let's get on with it. About that wild monster up there . . ."

"Oh, nuts. Honest-to-God, you can't tell you men anything. You



big, fat know-it-all, you." She stamped her foot and it made her jiggle all over.

The dragon pulled up to his full length and gave the tender young chesty thing a look that was, at the same time, dirty, skeptical and hurt.

"But I'm not kidding, drag . . . I mean, Clive. Honest that isn't a real monster up there. But even if it *was* real—what could I do?"

"Introduce me."

"All right, *all right*. So I'll introduce you." She put her hands on her hips and the dress fell open.

"Wow," said Clive. The glow flared up again in his stomach, burning light and warm. "Grandma, what big eyes you have."

Shannon covered her chest with crossed arms. "But, if I do this . . . if I introduce you—then you got to set me free."

"Naturally. So who needs you?"

"I got to get back to Sam. He's probably worried sick by now."

"Sam?"

"Yes, Sam. The man I plan to . . . to marry soon."

"The one with the cigar and the stomach and his shirt sticks to him? That one?"

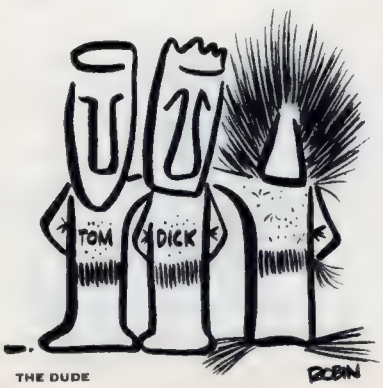
"Well, I mean, like looks aren't everything. He gives me nice things and he's going to put me up on top. And he's going to be a big director someday . . ."

"He looks kind of BIG right now."

". . . and if I stick with him I'll be a star."

Clive hoisted himself up on all four feet and did a little prance step.

". . . traded her soul for an old man's gold," he switched his rear end around like a burlesque dancer. ". . . she's a bird in a gilllllded cage."



THE DUDE

"Oh, CUT IT OUT!" She stamped her foot again and slapped him on the nose.

"You forgot about the dress, bubbles," Clive said.

"And never mind about that goddamned dress either!"

The dragon sat down and looked at her.

"So all right," he said. "You live your life, I'll live mine. You pick *your* dragons, I'll pick mine. Let's get on with the show. Come on, I'll take you back up to the mouth of the cave . . ."

And he leaned over and picked her up with his front feet.

"Shannon. Shannon, baby-doll. Snap out of it. Talk to me . . ."

J. Sam Brampson cuddled her in his arms there at the entrance to the cave.

She blinked. Then she opened her eyes.

"You must of fell down and got knocked out in that shot," he said. "Jeez. You had us all worried as hell. Like, I mean, you been out for a long time. We couldn't even find you until I got some light in here . . ."

"What are you doing?" she said.

"Feeling to see if you got any broken bones. You know, a fall like that could be serious . . ."

"You won't find any there," she said. "So stop it." She pushed his hands away. "Listen: I just had a dream sequence. It was wild it was so real. There was this *real* dragon, see . . ."

"Sam! Sam!"

It was Joe. He was standing there in his jock-strap, breathing hard. He was streaked with dirt and sweat.

"Sam," he said. "My God, Sam! The dragon. It's gone!"

And Sam dropped Shannon into the sand.

"Forty-five hunnert dollars," he breathed. "And you mean you lost it in this damn cave? You mean that?"

Joe ran his hands through his hair. He shifted from one foot to the other. "Looked all over," he said, his breath catching in a sob. "All over. And we can't find it anyplace. I mean, it's plain gone."

Shannon stood up and tugged at Sam's shirt sleeve.

"Never mind about that old dragon," she said. "It went for a good cause. I mean, like you can get the studio guys to build you another one. It isn't like everything has been lost. We still have each other . . ."

He pushed her away savagely.

"Forty-five hunnert dollars," he groaned. "And we lost it. The thing probably fell down some hole in here. And there goes the whole picture. And this will cost me my job . . ."

"But, Sam," she said. "There's still us. And aren't we lucky I didn't get hurt, huh? And you're going to make me a star, remember?"

Brampson swung around on his heels and stared at her.

"Get away from me," he said, levelly. "I lose a forty-five hunnert dollar dragon and *you* talk about being a star. God, I'll *never* explain this to the studio. Now, leave me alone, you hear?" And he walked off, out the mouth of the cave.

She stood there. Alone in the black.

Then she swung around and stumbled back down toward the inside of the cave, arms outstretched.

"Yoo hoo," she said. "Clive . . ."

She found him sitting there with his front legs crossed. He was looking at the rubber dragon.

"Clive . . ." She said.

He swung his head around and looked at her.

"I know just how you feel kid," he said.

She clutched the torn dress across her proud chest.

"So what do we do now?"

Clive wrinkled up his forehead. He breathed out a few cinders and he nudged the rubber dragon with his toe.

"Look," he said. "It's a tinsel world. I mean, like you don't count on anything any more. I could write a book, chesty. I'd call it 'Life is Full of Rubber Dragons.'"

"Poor Clive." She patted him on the neck. "And we're both in the same fix. There goes my career, too. If we had money, we . . ."

"I got millions," Clive said.

"You got . . . what?"

He shrugged. "Millions. I been digging up dough for years. Simple. People bury it. I find it."

Shannon jumped back and looked up at him.

"Why you could be famous," she said. "Look, no more living alone. No more of this dark cave jazz. You got me. And I got you . . ." She

(turn to page 72)

PHOTOGRAPHY BY BERNIE ABRAMSON/VISTA

pictorial essay

Kit Marlowe be damned! Comparisons are *never* odious!

Texture

Compare the texture of cheese and crackers—the smooth, velvety, elastic grain of the pungent dairy product against the coarse, brittle, flaky structure of the baker's handiwork. Their textures differ, and like the proverbial opposites in love, attract. That's why they go so well together.

Compare the disordered cacophonies of modern jazz, or the jangled atonality of Schoenberg's weird twelve-tone system, with the neatly arranged musi-

cal patterns of the mind's ear, which is accustomed, through centuries of listening, to conventional harmonies, neatly resolved expositions and repetitiously familiar patterns. The jagged edges of the new sounds relentlessly rip apart the balanced framework of the old listening board. The contrast is sharp, but often refreshing.

Or compare the soft, natural, liquid lines of a beautiful young model like Wendy Hill, posing languidly in the presence of man-made rock structures which contain the secrets of centuries in their rough, ragged mantle.

Wendy's familiar, but extraordinary, symmetry, in contrast to the artful deformity of the rocks, projects itself from the two-dimensional page almost as if viewed through a stereopticon, providing a comparison of nature's unembellished handiwork against man's crude efforts to fashion nature. That's why *they* go well together.

Comparisons are, indeed, never odious!

Mad Alley

The man in the gray flannel pursuit...

ILLUSTRATED BY BILL KILPATRICK

article . . . **TERRY GALANOY**

JONSON PLANS GETAWAY LA OPEN STOP WILL NAIL HIM IN LOCKER ROOM STOP START COUNTING REWARD BEST JMV

Although any criminologist or police officer in the world would sit up and take notice at receipt of the above wire, the cryptologist for whom it was meant and the sleuth who had sent it actually have been no closer to official, organized law enforcement than the purchase of a three dollar annual license for their French poodles. In fact, this particular track-down had been carried out by an individual named JMV who sported no .38, rode no squad car, led no bloodhound, flashed no warrant, yet who diabolically, cleverly and single-mindedly landed the vacationing man he was after in the locker room of the Los Angeles Rancho Golf Course. His reward: not a gold badge or Captaincy but a rise in salary and a seat on the Creative Plans Board of an advertising agency!

JMV is typical of the multi-billion dollar advertising industry's combination of Sherlock Holmes, Renfrew of the Mounted, Sam Spade and Joe Friday and his eternally-set, savage-jawed trap is baited with such unusual but highly effective come-ons as theater tickets, gold-plated fish-hooks, orchids, sports car races, long playing recordings, bridal bouquets and last but not least, the industry's most perfectly-rounded, most lusty and most willing wenches.

His official nomenclature is "New Business Man" and he is the nation's best-dressed, best educated, most socially-adept, most charming bounty hunter. He is a marksman whose target is the species *Americanus Industrialus*. He is a gumshoe who goes down to the sea in ships if his target is on the same boat, he is the friendly stranger on the plane, the clever guy at the bar, the sweat-covered bench-sharer in the steam room, even the unsuspected son-in-law who came into the family fame and fortune—long before the will was ever written.

The nation's advertising agency industry is his spawning ground but he writes no copy, draws no pictures, conducts no market research. His sole inflated salary's worth is due him through the devilishly contrived, highly successful, completely creative approaches which he utilizes to contact and *win over* one or more of the men who control the advertising budgets of our national advertisers. Dealing with total sums which range upwards of $40,000,000 and more, these individuals can create newfound financial success and prosperity for their employers or come home carried on the shield of an unprofitable expense account. Upon their shoulders rests the entire "new business" aspects of the individual advertising agency and, as such, their shoulders stand ready to bear chip, gold leaf, or yoke as the case requires.

"We have fourteen high salaried copywriters, thirteen account executives, twelve expensive art directors and some 150 other people in our agency," a leading New York ad man commented, "but they're all a complete waste of time if the new business man can't land accounts for us." Noted adman Don Hunt agreed: "This game is notorious for clients in and out of the shop all year long. If there wasn't a guy to bring new ones in, we'd all be on the street every fifteen days."

Ed Duffy, a third Madison Boulevardier, stated, "Advertising new business is an entire career and requires more insight than a psychiatrist has."

To all specified intents and purposes, the ideal new business man's qualifications would have him a graduate of Yale, M.I.T., Wharton, Arthur Murray; a member of the Yacht Club, the Sports Car Club of America, the Boniface Society; familiar with the workings of Freud,

Mangrum, Merrill & Pierce . . . and Brooks Brothers. He must be able to compare old schools and tangos, tillers and downshifts, motivations and Dow Jones, putts and puttees and glaced puddings with the most informed. He must appear bright, shiny, knowledgeable and desirable, and through all of these accomplishments, gain the admiration, the interest and the ear of his suspect. That ear, of course, is the tug-point by which the nation's vice-presidents are led to the wide open and welcoming arms of the advertising agency and the agency auditors.

Although there are no specialized courses for new business men in the advertising industry or out of it, agency officials agree that some individuals are born for the job. Once so introduced to the Madison Avenue nursery, these hawk-eyed coin-cops devote every awakened hour and some sound-asleep ones to meeting with, making up with, playing golf with, or in some way contacting and becoming friendly with the "mark." Once on target, the new business man shifts into his smooth sales pitch and begins to play upon his newly-formed friendship with the advertising manager under attack. Next stop: Front page news in *Advertising Age,* the Post Office Flier of the advertising world.

However, for each of the nation's hundreds of advertising agencies, there is at least one new business man, sometimes a troop of them. They overrun the bars, the hotels, the clubs, the watering spots, the steamships, the airlines, the best shows and restaurants. Their fraternity pin is a sheaf of credit cards and their mutual disguise is a regimental striped tie. Pitched from all sides everywhere he sets unwary foot, the on-guard advertiser soon becomes immune to blandishments and flattery, and can soon spot an agency new business man . . . a hundred *feats* away.

The pin-striped, narrow-shouldered advance man, however, manages always to remain one English handlasted brogan's step ahead of the plodding business man's wiles. When the button-down boy realizes that his ebonized limousine, his opening night tickets, his squash game, his house at the Cape, and his little black book of large, creamy girls is no longer making the impact he had desired upon the coffers-liner of the month, he is forced into some offbeat but arresting tactics in order to land the account . . . hook, line and sucker. If his tactics are good enough and he lands, let's say, a $5,000,000 advertising account, his employers can happily wet a thumb and leaf through some $750,000 in gross commissions. By comparison, any stunt he so desires to pull—up to and including rental of the New York subway system for the night—merely goes into the petty cash expense file. Nicely enough, all of this one hundred dollar bill cigar-lighting is tax deductible.

In selling their particular multi-initialed brand of snake oil up against Mr. Soap Company's natural suspicions, the new business man often has had to clamber down from his Central Park hansom, roll up his mental sleeves and devise a glad hand that is quicker than the eye.

Last fall, one of the nation's largest petroleum companies decided to swap agencies. Billing over $10,000,000 in annual advertising, this particular company rapidly assumed the position of the Great Filling Station In the Sky to the nation's major agencies; not only because of the $1,500,000 in net income to the AAAA boys, but because of the leading sociological position the agency would assume in its field. As soon as word trickled in through the ticker-busy Madison Avenue grapevine, soundings went to the agency's thirty-three offices throughout the world. Within hours, word came back from an account executive in the Paris branch. He indicated that he was quite friendly with the major stockholder's son, who was also the advertising manager . . . often went to sports car races with him. New York reached out an embracing arm, cuddled the young account executive paternally, explained the problem.

"Can't talk business with him for a week," the Paris resident shouted into the transatlantic telephone, "he's Le Mans happy!"

"Is that French?" queried New York.

"No," the young man yelled back, "a car race . . . twenty-four hours . . . in a little village . . . Ferraris, Jaguars, Godrinis . . ."

"Stop jabbering," New York curtly responded. "How can we get to him before another agency does?"

"Only by being on the Ferrari team," France replied hopelessly.

"Buy it!" New York ordered and hung up.

As it turned out, the rising young account executive couldn't manage to get near the Ferrari team but did wangle an invitation for his friend to join the pit crew of another Italian racing stable. Smeared with grease, exhausted from changing heavy tires and unmanageable wire wheels, burned on the fingers from the hot exhaust pipes, the petroleum scion smiled at his advertising friend after the grueling day and night event was over, asked what he could do as a return favor. The natural-born new business man mused for a moment, rubbed a glossy cordovan in the dust, finally said, "Well, Joe, we have some ideas for increasing your annual sales . . . if you'd just give us a few minutes . . ." Madison Avenue still has no inkling how that agency managed to acquire the account.

Not all new business men are as loyal, however. About a year ago, one of the West Coast's top account-seekers learned that the way to the president of a major aircraft company was through his youngish but quite attractive daughter. The new business man made it his new business to meet the girl at a party, and soon began to squire her to dinners, movies, evenings with friends. Each time he called for the girl or brought her home, he managed to corner her father, drop a few words about the sterling agency with which he was associated. Finally, at a Sunday evening family dinner, the aircraft executive leaned over to him, said, "Ted, after dinner I'd like to speak to you about my advertising account. You seem to have some bright ideas." Between stroganoff and Drambuie, Ted stared thoughtfully at the imported linen, the tapestries, the efficient servants and last, at the bright-eyed girl across the table.

"To tell you the truth, sir," Ted began when he and the girl's father had been left alone, "the other fellows at my shop aren't really quite as good as I've been telling. But . . . I know where I can get together the finest collection of advertising talent in this city and set up the kind of real creative agency I'd like to give your daughter as my wedding gift to her . . ."

Today, Ted owns one of the strongest medium-sized advertising agencies in Los Angeles. His major account—aircraft.

In many cases, the bright flash or

(*turn to page* 60)

THE WILD ONE!

PHOTOGRAPHY BY BURT OWEN

pictorial essay

The only masculine thing about her is her name . . .

Meet Teri Dennis . . .

Safe and gentle as a summer zephyr . . . rarely. Wild as a monsoon . . . often. Wild with a frenetic kind of drive that manifests itself in the projection of a personality of a kind you rarely meet. Featured dancer at N.Y.'s Latin Quarter, prized addition to the

As tatterdemalion or grande dame, the allure is always there . . .

line at Vegas and Miami, meeting Teri

Dennis is like facing a primeval

force of nature . . .

Her dancer's body and the ferocity of her desire to be herself can meld into a rigadoon that makes the Tarantella look like a square dance.

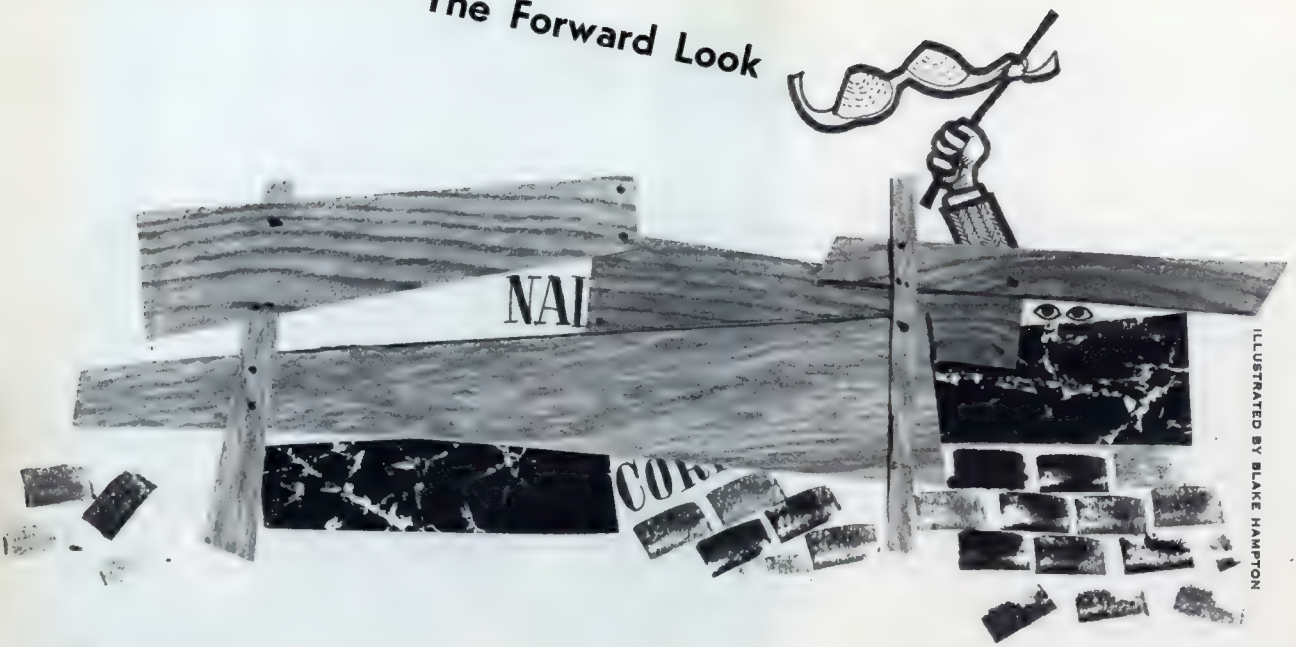
Able to keep on the go when all around her have fallen by the wayside, Teri is not one to waste time . . . not when there's living to be done.

Always ready for fun or frolic, a better incarnation of today's idiom, ". . . a real swinging chick," would be hard to find.

Observe this set of dance pictures . . . see the way her vivacity leaps off the flat two dimensionality of the page, vibrant and alive . . .

That's Teri Dennis . . . The Wild One!

The Forward Look



ILLUSTRATED BY BLAKE HAMPTON

Only a blackguard would play the laggard when lovely lady stoops to folly.

humor . . . FRED SHARR

NADIR NATUR-AIDER PRODUCTS CORP.

Fenstervogel's Ferry, N.Y.

May 15

Mr. Chester C. McCaul
RFD Rt. 2
Santa Glutea, New Mexico
Dear Mr. McCaul:

It is our pleasure to acknowledge with amazed gratification your letter of May 12, so vividly detailing Mrs. McCaul's remarkable experience in using our all-new bust-developing aide, "Ba*ZOOM!!*," marketed only last week!

We are especially impressed by these splendid snapshots of your wife's condition, since although we regularly receive vast amounts of correspondence commenting upon our Natur-Aider products, yours is the first letter whose gist was to report an actual change in dimensions, even if only on one side, as a result of using our famous developer cremes.

Thus, you will understand that our gratification at Mrs. McCaul's partial progress in her self-improvement campaign is exceeded only by our amazement.

Even now, the composition of matchless Ba*ZOOM!!* is being re-scrutinized by our startled formulating chemists, in an effort to determine whence stems this unprecedented effect.

In any event, you are entirely correct in your assertion that nothing remotely resembling this combination of ingredients has previously been made available to the public by any manufacturer. (We much prefer the expression, "made available," to "foisted off on," if you please, Mr. McCaul!)

It is difficult to believe that you really would "ten thousand times rather have Irma the way she was than like this." Surely, in a calmer moment, you will realize that this admittedly grotesque difficulty can only have arisen from grossly unequal applications of Ba*ZOOM!!* by Mrs. McCaul.

Just as obviously, then, the corrective solution lies in yet further treatments with all-new Ba*ZOOM!!*, this time favoring the previously neglected member over its more advanced counterpart, until the requisite volume and symmetry have been arrived at.

We are confident that by this means Irma's contours may be aided in becoming, as our advertisements express it, "Something To Look Forward To!"

With every good wish for Mrs. McCaul's speedy return to an even keel, through the good offices of selectively applied Ba*ZOOM!!*, we are

Very Truly yours,
Theodore R. Belknabel
Mgr. Public Relations Dept.

NADIR NATUR-AIDER PRODUCTS CORP.

Fenstervogel's Ferry, N.Y.

May 21

Mr. Chester C. McCaul
RFD Rt. 2
Santa Glutea, New Mexico
Dear Mr. McCaul:

Thank you for troubling to compose this inordinately protracted

air-mail message of May 18. The spirit of your remarks is notable, notwithstanding their amazing pungency.

As a presumably reasonable man, Mr. McCaul, you will recognize that this continuing disparity in Irma's growth rate can be accounted for only by some error in her technique of administering Ba*ZOOM!!*. The fact that the treatments are now being conducted under your anguished personal supervision does not, intending no offense, necessarily mean that no procedural defect exists.

Let me simply suggest, Mr. McCaul, that during your efforts to encourage Irma's laggardly member, you cover the already adequate side with some impervious material such as aluminum kitchen foil, to prevent the highly efficient vapors of Ba*ZOOM!!* from reaching it. This may confine the influence of our superb creme product to the desired item.

In the few remaining moments that I may in conscience devote to your single inquiry, let me comment upon two of your more conspicuously unkind and unjust allegations regarding all-new Ba*ZOOM!!*

Firstly, while the ingredients of this amazing Natur-Aider creme product must be withheld as a closely guarded trade secret, I may reveal (and insist!) that Ba*ZOOM!!* neither consists of nor contains any animal residues of the type that you imply, nor any extracts whatever thereof!

Secondly, as we so daily remind a multitude of purchasers, inspection of our labels and literature will show that at no time does Nadir claim that any actual change in volume or configuration will (or *will not!*) result from the use of our incomparable developmental aides. We state only that they are *offered* for this purpose.

That straightforward principle of self-abnegation also applies to our well known "Fetor-Fetter" deodorants and "No-Whair" depilatories, as well as to our incomparable "Tee-Zee-Zee" lubricants and our "Bub-stitute" (The Bachelor Girl's Companion).

I mentioned, Mr. McCaul, having only limited time for your problem. It chances that an impressively large number of Ba*ZOOM!!* users from all over this great nation of ours are reporting phenomena comparable with Irma's, or worse.

At present, we have isolated three basic categories of complaint:

1. Unequal improvement of members, as in Irma's case.
2. Unwanted migration of members to other areas.
3. Appearance of additional or supplementary components, also unwanted.

The finest creme product minds in existence are exerting every bone and sinew towards the solution of these problems. Please be patient. In the meanwhile, we will infinitely appreciate hearing from you by collect wire, if any of your personal experimentation has the slightest favorable effect.

Yours very truly,
Theodore R. Belknabel
Mgr., Public Relations Dept.

NADIR NATUR-AIDER PRODUCTS CORP.

Fenstervogel's Ferry, N.Y.

May 25

Mr. Chester C. McCaul
RFD Rt. 2
Santa Glutea, New Mexico
Dear, dear Mr. McCaul:

No, no, no! In suggesting that you be patient I did not mean that you are "expected to sit around ignoring a lopsidedness ratio of about nine to one in Irma's present appearance!" I intended only to request that you allow us time to modify the unforeseen (and still unexplained) enthusiasm of all-new Ba*ZOOM!!* while you are proceeding with your own creative experiments.

However, Mr. McCaul, it will be impossible for you to assume the mature attitude of an unbiased research technician if you allow your emotions to color your findings! You are a badly disturbed man, Mr. McCaul; badly. By way of illustration, let me point out one grievous mistake among the statistical data outlined here in paragraph 3, page 8, of your May 23rd notes.

You concede that Irma's starboard component has begun slowly to catch up with her more precocious portside member, but state bitterly that according to your calculations Mrs. McCaul will have a bust measurement of 213 inches by the time they are even.

Clearly, your mathematics is the victim of your emotional stress! You have based these figures, erroneously, upon a fixed arithmetical comparison of growth rate, Mr. McCaul, rather than on a geometrical progression taking into account the relative rates of acceleration in growth! In other words, this graph of present and projected dimensions should show two logarithmically *curved* lines, intersecting at 204 inches, and not those two straight lines shown to conjoin at 213 inches!

Let me be the first to hasten to agree that the difference between 204 inches and 213 inches tends to be academic, as far as a bust measurement is concerned. I am merely trying to show by example that you are in a state of nervous tension which is bound to becloud your objectivity in this matter.

Though this brief reply scarcely does justice to your fourteen-page letter, Mr. McCaul, it happens that the already large influx of correspondence about Ba*ZOOM!!* is now approaching a volume beyond all description. Consequently, I may only request once more that you exercise patience and perspective.

It might be added that, contrary to the implications of your opening sentence, all members of the managerial and operating staffs here at Nadir were born well within the bounds of wedlock, and with both parents identified. We will not undertake to deny the connotations of your adjective, since this is a standard marital activity. . .

Yours very truly,
T. R. Belknabel

NADIR NATUR-AIDER PRODUCTS CORP.

Fenstervogel's Ferry, N.Y.

June 8

Mr. Chester C. McCaul
Santa Glutea, N.M.
Dear Sir:

Please believe that your increasingly fulminative letters of May 28 through June 6, inclusive, have not gone unanswered because of our unconcern with the vagaries of Mrs. McCaul's development project. The management of Nadir stands at all times ready to offer specialized guidance and sympathy in the use of our materials.

However, a great deal has happened here in Fenstervogel's Ferry since last you heard from us. It is both possible and necessary to say that the recent release of amazing, all-new Ba*ZOOM!!* has elicited a public response far beyond our wildest expectations, to say the least.

Many over-satisfied users, with their husbands, have appeared personally in and around our ultra-modern manufacturing plant, to express their opinions of the startling results obtained through the aid of this splendid creme product. Their number increases hourly.

A very considerable proportion of these personal-appearance applicants have provided themselves with firearms, or equivalent accessories, for purposes of the interview. Hence, their problems

"I told you their off-season rates looked too good to be true!"

perforce have been given some priority over mail inquiries, although this does not imply any lack of merit in your manuscripts.

Our efforts to cope with these urgent requests for effective technological advice are now receiving the full, if somewhat slit-eyed, cooperation of State and Federal authorities. Also, a hastily assembled volunteer committee, organized by those public-spirited citizens of Fenstervogel's Ferry whose wives have not been among the users of all-new Ba*ZOOM!!*, is attempting to maintain some semblance of civic order in the vicinity of our plant.

These governmental and vigilante agencies have kindly granted us a period of one week, beginning yesterday, to arrive at some means of correcting the widespread effects of our unprecedented developer creme. At the end of that time, we have been informed positively, the state of martial law thoughtfully imposed by our honorable township commissioners will terminate, and all physical protection thus far afforded to the Nadir management will be withdrawn!

Accordingly, I have been authorized by our Board of Directors, now holding continuous executive session within the barricaded Gentlemen's Lounge, to announce the offer of a $10,000 Grand Prix for the first suggestion that results in curbing the enthusiasm of incomparable Ba*ZOOM!!*

(Incidentally, you may have noted that all-new Ba*ZOOM!!* is in temporarily short supply at your neighborhood drug store. We have just been heatedly informed by representatives of federal, state and local drug control agencies that this temporary shortage is about to become permanent.)

Our contest is open to all persons over or under the age of twenty-one, within or without the confines of continental United States, who are or are not employees of Nadir Natur-Aider Products Corp., its affiliates and its advertising agencies. Duplicate or even quadruplicate prizes will be awarded in case of ties. Decision of the judges is not necessarily final. Contestants will please wire collect and without delay to the cable address: ChairmUltEmergCommitt, Fenstervogel's Ferry.

T. Belknabel
Chairman, Ultimate Emergency Committee

C. C. MCCAUL SANTA GLUTEA N.M. JUNE 10 4:35 A.M.
TWX TWX TWX
THANK YOU FROM UTTERMOST BOTTOMS REPEAT UTTERMOST BOTTOMS OF OUR HEARTS. ON WAY IS REGISTERED LETTER WITH CERTIFICATE ATTESTING YOUR WINNING OF GRAND PRIX PLUS ROUND TRIP AIRLINE TICKETS TO FENSTERVOGEL'S FERRY. REQUEST YOU AND IRMA ACCEPT POSITIONS AS KING AND QUEEN OF THE QUOTE INDESCRIBABLE RELIEF PAGEANT UNQUOTE SPONSORED NEXT WEEK BY THIS FIRM IN COOPERATION WITH ECSTATIC HUSBANDS OF ALL BA*ZOOM!!* CUSTOMERS FAR AND NEAR.

BELKNABEL

NADIR NATUR-AIDER PRODUCTS CORP.

Fenstervogel's Ferry, N.Y.

June 23

Dear Chet and Irma:

I am authorized and directed to say that it was a tremendous pleasure to have you folks as our guests during the recent Relief Week celebration, and we earnestly hope that your return trip to Santa Glutea was as enjoyable.

The management and employees of Nadir have never witnessed a more inspiring sight than the procession in which King Chester and Queen Irma, borne aloft upon an abandoned barricade by the very shoulders of those who originally had erected it in our parking lot, arrived in your regal majesty at our factory gates to receive the richly earned Grand Prix.

We do regret that the path of your triumphant march should have been thus bestrewn with the discarded battering rams, cobblestones, Molotov cocktails and like materials so recently used by our customers in bringing their inquiries to our attention. This disorder has now been largely corrected. The main walls of our buildings have been restored as well as possible. Only our railroad spur, relocated into the President's office by the bare hands of our more agitated visitors, appears to defy both eviction and repair.

But I have truly inspiring news! You may recall my describing the centuries old oak trees that formerly flanked our scenic driveway, and which were gnawed off at the base by a particularly inflamed husband from Armpit, Ark., for whose wife our former all-new Ba*ZOOM!!* had achieved certain phenomena not suitable for mention in print.

Well, you may be pleased to hear that our Board of Directors, in executive session assembled, has caused the stumps to be replaced by fast-growing Lombardy poplars, and has renamed the vista "McCaul Parkway"! A very nominal toll charge will be assessed at the foot of the drive, until this expense has been amortized.

In conclusion, let me congratulate you once more upon the foresighted and exemplary ingenuity of your prize-winning experiments in applying Ba*ZOOM!!* to Irma's shoulderblades, thereby reversing the oppposite-side activity, and reducing her proportions to a more readily portable state.

It also is a tribute to the maturity and restraint of our other customers, that they so promptly and quietly disassembled their collection of impromptu guillotines when shown the evidence of your success with Irma's equipment.

We appreciate your attitude in accepting Irma's new perimeter of twenty-seven inches, compared with her original thirty-one inches, on the very charitable grounds that there is not enough difference between twenty-seven and thirty-one to worry about, and either is preferable to the seventy-three-inch circumference that she had attained at the time of your last-resort application of Ba*ZOOM!!* to her back.

So, in the name of thousands of formerly frenzied customers, and in behalf of the Nadir management, for whose individual and collective existence you are wholly responsible, I most humbly thank you.

Sincerely,

Ted

NADIR NATUR-AIDER PRODUCTS CORP.

Fenstervogel's Ferry, N.Y.

July 5

Mr. Chester C. McCaul
RFD Rt. 2
Santa Glutea, New Mexico
Dear Mr. McCaul:

Please believe that your impassioned letters of June 27 through July 2, inclusive, have not gone unanswered because of our lacking interest in the status of Irma's shoulderblades.

Despite the aghast insistence of our nutritional experts that the feminine scapular area simply and positively does not permit formation of such structures as are indicated in your snapshots, we are receiving hourly evidence to the contrary, both by mail and in person.

Our ultramodern manufacturing facilities are again beleaguered by teeming hordes of applicants exhibiting the same symptoms, or worse, as a result of your prize-winning suggestion for using our recently cancelled creme product on the subject's reverse surfaces.

The gentleman from Armpit is back, and has now gnawed down your memorial Lombardy poplars.

Accordingly, I am authorized by our Board of Directors, again in continuous executive session within the sealed Gentlemen's Lounge, to announce their offer of a Grand Prix. . . .

pictorial essay

PHOTOGRAPHY BY MARVIN LICHTNER

Where do they live?
On land, or sea,
or in the air?
Or do the beatniks live . . .

Under a Glass Bell?

For the last couple of years, beat joints have been springing up in almost all large centers of population. Typical of the better kind of hangout is the "Five Spot" in New York's Greenwich Village.

Centered around far-out music created by men like

The movie camera is recording events in Beatsville for C.B.S. TV show "Twentieth Century." Program was called "Generation without a Cause."

Senator Fulbright said, apropos this program, "It is very easy to criticize the younger generation . . .

"but we must remember they are merely reflecting the conditions and pressures of modern American life . . ."

Thelonius Monk, the floor show, if you can call it that, imposes a poetry reading on top of a jazz background.

At its best, and when the poetry and jazz are contrapuntal in theme, this kind of entertainment can be tremendously exciting. When, as is sometimes the case, there is an attempt to make the cool jazz push the meaning of the poetry along by means of rhythm and prior arrangement, the results can be dull as tired dishwater.

In the same way the beatniks, when their words coalesce properly, can seem to be really on top of the game . . . but when they miss, as they often do, the results seem schizoid, as though under a glass bell, or seen in a glass darkly . . .

In any event, if you're a guy on the town, a voyage to Beatsville is well worth the negligible tariff . . . Try it one night.

PUB-LICLY YOURS

(*continued from page* 5)

smart settees of assorted sizes. You couldn't adjust the lighting better if you were a midnight electrician bent on playing "The Game" unfairly. The "in the basket" menu, which includes steak tidbits, fried chicken and shrimp, spare ribs, etc., is a perfect late-hour snack. There are two tiny tables placed in front of each settee for the baskets and the booze.

As for the entertainment — it's strictly for hand-holders. Bobby Short found a home in The Living Room for almost six months last year. Twinkling jazz variater Eddie Heywood has been making it merry in May and Matt Dennis' piano arrangements—for the thirty days of June are prompting the prom trade. After all, they are graduating to worldlier things, at that.

This peregrinating pub-crawler and his palpitating pal found 2 a.m. at The Embers, called by some word jugglers the El Morocco of Jazzatoriums—possibly because it's directly across the street from the society sanctuary.

The East 54th Street restaurant successfully passed its eighth anniversary several months ago because it excels in three departments: 1. fine food; 2. fine music; 3. fine atmosphere. You might throw in the reasonable prices for a fourth reason.

Menu specialties? Try anything. I have—over a period of years—from the steaks, roast beef and barbecued ribs to the Italian and Chinese dishes, and I recommend them all—without reservations.

But you might be wise to make reservations if you're about to drop in for dinner because the cream of jazz groups may be found on The Embers' podium, like Erroll Garner, George Shearing and Dorothy Donegan. Teddy Wilson has been the main attraction in May. Jonah Jones, the jolly jouster of the muted trumpet, brings June in—and joy to the owners.

We've hung out at the Hickory House, dallied at The Den, lolled at The Living Room and watched The Embers' last glow of the evening. Pray tell, fair Vivian, whither are we bound?

Drop around next issue—and find out.

MAD. ALLEY

(*continued from page* 48)

the momentary inspiration is much more important than any form of devious planning or skull-duggery. One Chicago new business man who found that he had a difficult time getting the prospective client alone for a few minutes, rented all but one seat on a commercial airliner which was going to Miami. That seat, the agency man knew, had been reserved months before by the executive's secretary. Between the Windy City and the Sunny South, the new business man approached the executive, told him about the agency, sold him a program for the coming year and landed the administrator's initials on an impressive contract. When he telephoned from a North Miami phone booth near the airport, Chicago did a jig around its switchboard, told him to stay in Miami and soak up the sun for a week or two or three . . . all on the house and that there would be an additional heavy dosage of vitamin D in his pay envelope when he returned.

In San Francisco, an enterprising agency new business man who knew that his prospect was a television addict, wrote and produced a special half-hour show for that medium. The show, which sold agency facilities and personnel plus a special campaign for the prospect, was broadcast on a major television outlet and went into an estimated one hundred thousand homes. Fortunately, most viewers thought it was dull and switched to the late, late show. The prospective client, however, sat glued to the set absorbing every word, every movement. When it was over, he telephoned the station, told the agency he would buy that time slot, that agency and he would put all of his money into television for the coming year.

In Los Angeles where an overabundance of agencies and a shortage of worthwhile advertisers has created a concealed weapons condition among the budget-seekers, agency men have:

Sold their agencies on billboards across from the client's office and in skywriting over their heads.

Have produced special jingles which sell the agency and have broadcast them over FM stations which are piped into the advertiser's offices.

Have written original musicals for experimental theater . . . one such entitled, "MUSIC TO MAKE MONEY BY." The audience: clients.

Have made mass mailings to any and all advertisers who might be shopping for an agency of such attention-gathering gadgets as a gold-plated fish hook: "Our agency gets a hook in each ad to hold the customer"; a pair of red painted ice tongs: "Our agency knows how to push things together, to pick up sales"; an aspirin: "If you find your current agency hard to swallow"; and even a sports shirt: "You can really start to *relax* when you call upon us to handle your advertising."

The late George Hawkins, one of advertising's finest creative minds, landed accounts by utilizing another account. Handling promotion for the Tijuana, Mexico, race course, Caliente, Hawkins would have Sunday feature races named after products he wanted for his agency. At the time of his death, his agency controlled San Diego's utilities, the Chamber of Commerce, political campaigns, the town's largest food producers, Convair aircraft, several other aircraft companies, major housing subdivisions, department stores, automobile dealer associations and other major spenders. In fact if Hawkins' agency didn't have it, the story went, it wasn't worth seeking.

Charles Davis, another veteran adman, effectively "sold" for years through the use of two orchids. Going on a new business call, Davis would purchase one orchid for a dollar from a street vendor, another for $5.00 from a fashionable florist's shop. Before he entered the meeting room, Davis would put the inexpensive orchid in the ribbon-bedecked celluloid box, the five-dollar orchid in the paper bag. "Don't be fooled by reception rooms and new business men," Davis would say, utilizing the proven psychological reverse, "packaging isn't everything." Then he would dump the two orchids on the conference table and despite the fact that the group had been warned, the great majority guessed that the boxed orchid was the more expensive. "Pretty smart man that Charlie Davis," clients would whisper. Charlie made the sale.

Although most new business men find it necessary every now and then to ring in members of the opposite

(*turn to page* 62)

THE DUDE

"Paul, what's come over you all of a sudden? We'll be late for the party!"

sex as persuaders, one New York agency with a flourishing television department makes "client contact" a necessity for starlets and struggling young actresses hoping to land a day's work in a film or a juicy high-residual commercial. The more contact, the more commercial—for the agency and for the girl. In fact, one of the young ladies proved so adept at robbing the entire corporate wallet while the executive slept, that she is now one of the nation's most respected new business *women*. In fact, it is rumored that she controls one of her largest accounts through control of a few hotel receipts which the gentleman would like to have returned. But, that could be a malicious piece of gossip spread by the opposition . . . other new business people.

Perhaps the most ambitious new business approach ever undertaken by an agency was accomplished several years ago by an organization which was trying to acquire a booming, high-budgeted milk and milk products processor and manufacturer. Realizing that the owner of the company was a self-made man who was starved for recognition and fame, the new business department huddled with the creative staff, came up with a specially-printed, complete copy of *Time* Magazine. On the cover in flashing full color was a picture of the successful milkman under a banner which shouted, "MAN OF THE YEAR." Inside, every page contained photographs of the executive at different ages and in different articles of dress. Every article in the book featured him by name. In *National Affairs,* the agency art department had created a composite photo of the milk producer and Franklin D. Roosevelt. It was captioned, "Milkman and friend." The same was true in sports, theater, finance, and all other sections of that special issue of the nation's number one news magazine. When it was completed and hand-bound, a perfectly-typed, concise note was attached to the cover. It said, "It's TIME to pick an agency that can make you famous."

He did.

He picked the agency that handled the advertising for *Time*.

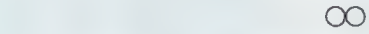
Winning a few, losing a few, always on the hawk-eyed lookout for men who control corporate purse strings or advertising budgets, the American advertising agency new business man circulates among us today. Until he tips his hand, which is generally a long time after he tips his hat, he seems a likeable enough chap . . . perhaps a bit too polished in his bridge game or just a little too familiar with important headwaiters. But, other than that, he's that seemingly friendly fellow you like to golf with, or meet for a drink, or go sailing with, or stand next to at the track, or chat with at a friend's cocktail party.

If you're just a working guy, he is.

But if you're a Sales Manager, Vice-President, President, Advertising Manager or major stockholder in a company with an advertising budget, you'd better remember Mama's early advice about not talking to strangers.

Unless, of course, you'd like the experience of reacting to the siege like one automobile corporation Sales Manager who commented, "For sheer popularity, a big budget's got Dale Carnegie beat all to hell."

According to the men in the gray flannel pursuit, that's just about the only place they haven't gone yet to get it.



HUE AND CRY

(*continued from page 7*)

I, myself, would like to photograph Mr. Boal walking through a pasture of little, domesticated, two-year-old Miura bulls. I wouldn't bet on his chances of survival.

The bull is doomed when he enters the ring. But as Barnaby Conrad wrote, ". . . Which would the bull choose, to die in a slaughterhouse where the reek of death is in the air, or in the *corrida* where he thinks he is winning to the very end . . ."

The fate of all bulls is to be a porterhouse steak. Often you must have thought about meeting your demise with a fight or just being herded into a room and bopped over the head.

I. C. Rapoport
Bronx, N.Y.

Ed. Sorry to disappoint you, I.C., but we asked Sam and he says he'd rather die with his boots off, you know where, any time.

Dear DUDE:

I'm not an aficionado . . . neither apparently are you Sam Boal, but I do not go around tearing things down just because I dislike them or because I've been kicked out of a place. Now, for my own part, I have a good, healthy respect for bulls . . .

Lee Warden
FPO, New York, N.Y.

Ed. Sorry, but space limitations prevent us from printing any more of Mr. Boal's fan mail . . .

PHOTOGRAPHY BY DICK MILLER/GLOBE

"Honi Soit Qui Mal Y Pense . . ."

pictorial essay

You can see how the thinking must have gone at the story conference. "You take a real swashbuckling guy, like Tony Curtis, fresh from 'The Vikings,' you set the picture back in the 'Twenties, with lotsa gangsters around . . . Then you take this tough guy, like Tony Curtis, see, and you have him on the lam from the boys with the Chicago typewriters . . .

" 'Charley's Aunt' is always good for laughs, but we top it, see? We have two guys dressed up like gals, Tony Curtis and Jack Lemmon, see? We have them hide out when they're on the lam by dressing like women and joining an all girl ork.

"Then we get Marilyn to front the band and what bad can happen? It's got to be sock box office, no?"

Turns out the boys at the story conference were right. The result of their lucubration is called, "Some Like It Hot," and it's racking up S.R.O. like TV never happened to the movie industry.

PHOTOS COURTESY "SOME LIKE IT HOT," AN ASHTON PRODUCTION FOR THE MIRISCH COMPANY FOR UNITED ARTISTS RELEASE.

HAPPY AS A DOG

(*continued from page* 30)

occasions. Just call me Sloot, John. I hope we're all going to be friends. You don't mind, Miss Shawe-Bagley? That's quite a name."

"Helen will do," she said.

"That's a lot better! Now, how about a little drink, to celebrate the occasion. What'll it be, Helen—John?"

I had straight Scotch and Helen pink gin. Sloot had bourbon on ice.

"Scotch I find too raw," he explained. "I like a mellow liquor."

"Look," I begged. "Explain a few things. The clothes, the accent, the familiarity with drinks. This isn't a hoax is it?"

Sloot lifted his arms and swiveled his head around. "With these? It's quite simple, really. We've had—I guess you'd call them scouting parties—out for the last fifty years. You know the routine—landing in quiet spots, mixing with the local populace."

It was my turn to draw attention to the obvious. "With those?"

"Nothing to it. Eyes covered with a wig—secondary arms strapped to the sides. They got by all right."

"So you've been studying us?" Helen asked.

"Elementary precaution. This is too big a thing to ball up on account of small details."

"The American accent?" I asked.

"Let's be realistic," Sloot said. "We've checked on your film and television networks. English is going to be your world language, but you wouldn't want me to address the UN in your kind of talk, now would you?"

"I suppose not." I remembered Gillings' rightful pride on behalf of the Court of St. James. "But," I reminded him triumphantly, "you chose England for your first contact."

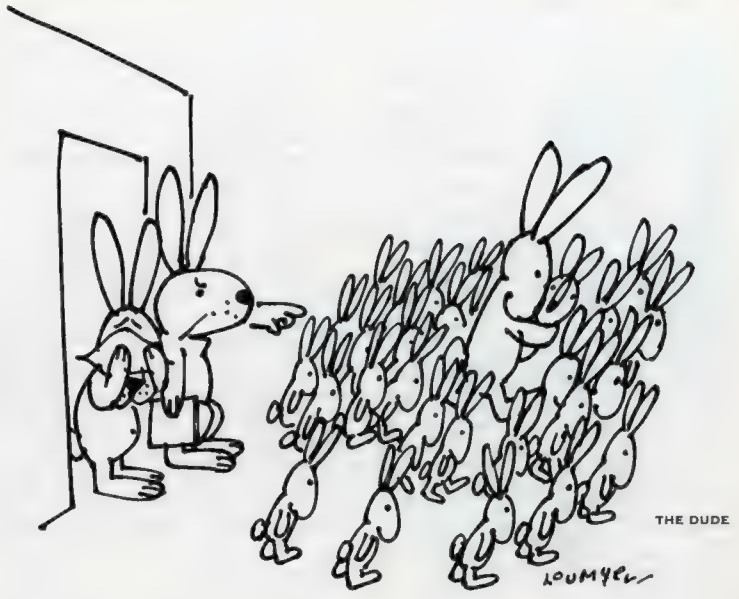
"Sure, sure." I downed my Scotch as I saw that he had finished his and was refilling glasses. "Well, it had to be a fairly important population center. But at the same time we couldn't take a chance on making any of the Big Powers jealous. You get it?"

I got it. Poor Gillings. Another slap in the eye for the old *savoir-faire*.

The telephone rang. I was going to take it, but one of Sloot's extra arms snaked out first.

"Yes. Sloot Owt speaking. O.K. I'll tell her."

To Helen, he said: "They want you downstairs, honey. Another little drink, for the elevator?"



THE DUDE

Helen smiled. "No, thank you, Sloot. I'd better go."

Sloot had his back to the door. I saw his front eyes slide sideways after her and then snap back. Presumably the back ones had taken over. With a somewhat unsettled feeling, I faced the realization that bourbon was not the only terrestrial pleasure for which the Martian Ambassador might have a taste. His words, as the door closed, confirmed things.

"That's a chick," he said admiringly. "A real chick."

"Yes," I said uneasily. "Now about the diplomatic procedure . . ."

Jane came in with a memorandum I had asked for. Sloot's four eyes took it in turn to scan her, entering and leaving.

"John," he said earnestly, "this is quite a setup you've got here. I have an idea I'm going to enjoy this tour of duty."

I had caught the look Jane had given him as she left. As with Helen, there hadn't been that decent womanly repulsion in it which one had a right to expect of a girl confronted with a monster. I reached for my Scotch.

"Now look, Sloot," I said. "As your advisor in matters of protocol and etiquette, there's one thing I must warn you about. You're going to get a good press on this planet. Even the Russians will think several times before they offend the representative of a world that has had space travel for the last fifty years. But human nature has its irrational side. All the good work can be undone if you do a single tiny thing that sparks off irrational distrust. And the surest way you can go about doing that is to get mixed up, in any way, with a terrestrial woman. Do you follow me?"

Sloot leaned back, winding his rearward arms round the back of the chair.

"Take an easy strain, John," he told me. "Our top brass has got that all figured out. I've been trained. You won't find me stepping out of line in public."

"That's good to know," I said with relief.

"Of course," he added, "things are different in private. Even Caesar's wife was allowed to let her hair down when the Senate's dicks weren't around. See what I mean?"

I saw, all right. And what I saw, I didn't care for.

Sloot's visit had been fixed for two weeks; by the time the two weeks were running to their close, I was as ragged as a call-girl with half a dozen extension phones. The pace Sloot set was hot enough on-stage, but off-stage he really moved. I gave up trying to match him on drinks when I found he had two stomachs and could, as he explained, sober one off

(*turn over*)

while he was taking up the other. I concentrated on keeping him away from Jane and Helen. It wasn't easy.

The first time I inadvertently left Helen alone with him for five minutes, she emerged in a state of considerable dishevelment. She caught my eye as she fastened the top button of her blouse.

"I cut my teeth," she said, "on the Household Cavalry. Almost literally. But there was nothing in my book about coping with a man with four arms."

"You could have slapped his face."

"I tried. He caught my wrist with one hand and grabbed my other arm with a second. With the third and fourth, he . . ."

"All right," I said, bitterly, "all right. You'll just have to keep out of his way."

"He's strong, too," she said thoughtfully.

"It," I commented.

She smiled. "Oh, come now, John! You can't deny he's completely masculine."

Much the same happened with Jane, and with much the same result. I could see that I wasn't going to get as much help as I ought from these girls in my self-appointed task of preserving their virtues. So I constituted myself watch-dog. I had good excuse to stick with Sloot, and I used it to the full. I shadowed him continuously, and ignored all his hints that he would cover up while I took a breather.

This was wearing, but not too difficult. The trouble was that I had my own life to live, as well. Sloot was only going to be with us a fortnight, but you can't just take a fortnight out of a promising relationship—certainly not out of two promising relationships. Never in my life before had I been faced with the problem of handling two girls at once and at such close quarters—and with things complicated by Sloot . . . I toyed with the idea of ditching one and concentrating on the other, but either girl was too much to sacrifice, even if I had been able to make up my mind between them. All I could do was sweat it out and light the old match here and there to keep both trails warm against the future. And, believe me, when one is your secretary and the other your working colleague, you've got to be careful where you drop the match-sticks: that brushwood is highly inflammable.

Somehow I made it, up to the morning of Sloot's departure. He was to leave us at five in the afternoon. Gillings phoned at eleven in the morning.

"Conference this afternoon, Burke," he said. "Room 32. Two o'clock. Bring your secretary."

"And Helen?"

"No. Not Helen. It's not her field, exactly."

"What is the idea, anyway? I thought you were keeping the post-mortem till he'd left us?"

"It's a slight change of plan. The P.M.'s idea. In case there's anything we really ought to get out of Sloot Qwt before he goes. We should be clear by half past three."

I put the phone down. I was in the sitting-room of Sloot's suite. Helen was there, too. Sloot was reading a comic strip in one of the papers.

I gave them the news. Sloot said:

"Sure, that's O.K., John. Have a good time. Helen will look after me."

I looked at Helen. She had a studied distant look that didn't fool an old operator such as I prided myself on being.

"Perhaps," I suggested, "you would like to take Sloot out somewhere—to the Zoo, perhaps?"

She nodded. "Perhaps."

"I'll order the car for you."

She showed confusion. "No. Don't bother. I . . ."

Sloot said easily: "We'd rather play it as it comes. Don't you worry about us, John. We'll make out fine."

"Yes," I said grimly. "I'm sure you will."

The solution came to me over luncheon. Like all great discoveries, it was simple once you saw it. What I saw was Jane tightening her lips when Sloot, reaching for the salt, touched Helen's wrist. When I got Jane alone for a minute, I said:

"I don't think I'll need you this afternoon, after all."

She looked put out for a moment. Jane is a girl who takes her duties seriously.

"What about your notes?"

"I'll have the transcript." I looked her in the eye. "I thought you might like to help Helen look after Sloot."

She smiled, demurely but without innocence. "Why, yes. If you think it's a good idea."

"I do," I said heartily.

So I did. My own nightmare neatly dropped in the Martian's lap. I hummed a few bars to myself:

"Oh, how happy could I be with
either,
Were t'other fair charmer away!"

"Soon be over," I told Jane. "Then, how about that dinner date we had to put off?"

She nodded, still smiling. "Tomorrow?"

"Well, not tomorrow. The day after."

Tomorrow night was Helen. Now at last I could set about getting the lines untangled.

The conference droned on, and I sat back in a contented stupor, my normal approach to these affairs. This lasted while the P.M. and the Foreign Secretary spoke, while the Archbishop of Canterbury put in a religious oar (there was a spot of trouble in connection with the multi-armed Indian gods, I gathered), and Gillings yattered on behalf of the Department. I woke up to find some old boy from Harley Street discussing Martian anatomy. He was showing round color plates as he went.

" . . . in most respects matches our own. The unusual thing, of course, is doubling of many, but not all, of our own physical attributes. The four arms probably marks evolutionary descent from a six-legged mammal in the first place, but other items are less easily explained. Four eyes, you observe, two stomachs, two hearts—but only two lungs—two sets of kidneys, two . . ."

I didn't need to hear the next word. It was very clear and explicit. I pushed back my chair and got up. People looked at me, and I made my hasty excuses before breaking for the door.

I made the hotel in five minutes, Sloot's suite in six. When Jane answered the bell right away, I thought my fears had been groundless. Until, that was, I took note of the soft relaxed look on her face . . .

Helen was inside, sitting on an ottoman. She looked the same way . . . Jane went to stand by her. They were as friendly as twin sisters with matching Dior dresses.

"Where," I asked grimly, "is Sloot?"

Jane put her finger to her lips. Helen pointed to a door.

"In there," she said, "having a little nap."

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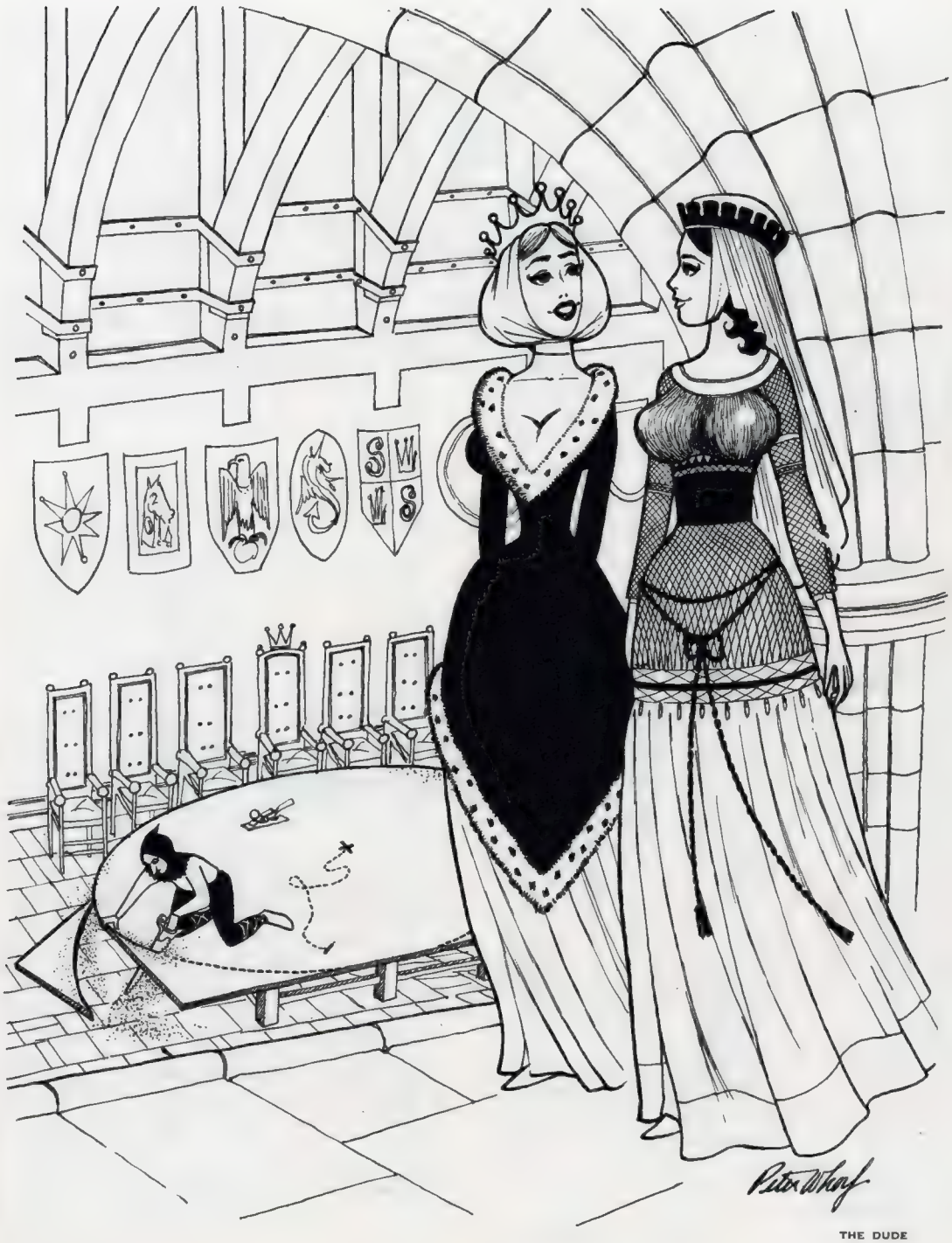

"If you ask me, Arthur's ruining a perfectly good table."

THE IDIOT BOX

(*continued from page* 14)

vance the night of the show . . . and now I was ready for anything—except for what happened. I was roaming about the stage looking for Pat, when Felix approached me. "Well," boomed the big man, "what do you say now?"

"Great, just great, Felix," I answered, trying to brush him off as politely as possible. "You boys do a real bang-up job."

"Glad you like it," said Felix. "I want the sponsor to know that I know my onions. It's pretty damn important to me."

"I can see your point," I said, glancing hastily at the top of his head. "You're a hundred per cent right."

"Oh, by the way," he added. "How about standing in the wings during the show tonight?"

"In the wings?" I asked. "What for?"

"Well," he continued, "that's the real pressure spot of the show, and you won't see anything, unless you take that in, too."

"All right," I answered quickly. I was really anxious to get away from him. I had spotted Pat at the other end of the studio looking for me, and couldn't wait to swap Felix' company for hers. Finally satisfied, Felix lumbered off, and Pat and I met by the rear wall.

"Come on," she panted, taking my hand. "We've only got a little while before air time." She was already dressed in her chorus outfit, an abbreviated affair designed to enflame male viewers from coast to coast. Seeing it up close was really inflammatory.

"Where are you taking me?" I asked, as we made our way up a flight of iron stairs and down a series of catwalks.

"You'll see," she said, as she pushed open a large iron door. Then I saw. It was a gigantic prop room, filled with items belonging to the days of the Roman Empire. "They're doing a Julius Caesar 'spec' from this studio next week, and they've got all the props in here now," she said, pushing the door closed with her classic chassis.

"What kind of number can you show me up here?" I asked.

Twenty minutes later, as I made my exit, I knew.

When I arrived downstairs, everything was in a turmoil. "Where've you been?" Fred, the producer, shrieked. "Felix has been going off his rocker looking for you. We go on the air in five minutes, and he

"Relax—the bank was closed."

wants you standing in the wings." Too pleasantly content to argue, I took my place. When Felix saw me standing there, he smiled and waved. All was right with the world. That's what I thought!

After the opening number was over, and amid the usual fanfare, Felix strode magnificently to the center of the stage, where he snapped off a few bitingly perceptive one liners about the current state of the world. Then he completely disregarded the teleprompter and began speaking from the cuff.

"Folks," he said, "you know that we couldn't give you this show every week without the backing of our wonderful sponsor . . . and the people who represent the sponsor to us —the advertising agency. Now for the past week, one of the agency boys has been sitting in with us here on the show to sort of lend a personal hand to our staff. Wasn't that nice of 'im?" The applause light flickered, the audience applauded, and I puzzled. "And now," Felix continued, "I'd like to introduce this young fellow who's a real authority on show business, because he's asked me to let him come on and say a few words to you." So the trap was sprung, and this was to be my punishment. He was going to get me out in front of his audience with gobs of egg on my face, and nothing to say.

I turned to make a hasty, but graceful exit, and banged flush into one of Felix' boys who had taken a position behind me. "You ain't goin' no place," said this graduate of a well known mid-western institute of higher learning. "Felix says you should stay right here and go out there when he calls you."

In my panic I heard Felix say, ". . . and here he is—come on out here, Harvey."

I stumbled blindly into the lights —aided by a non-too-tender push from the erudite chap at my rear. A moment later I was standing next to Felix in the center of the stage. It was a strange new world. I could see nothing but lights. Bright, blinding lights. Felix fetched me a fatherly slap on the back which nearly staved in my spine. "It's all yours, Harvey," he said. Then he departed.

I attempted a brave smile as my mind hummed and whirred, hoping to devise a scheme which would extricate its favorite body from this embarrassing situation. Then, suddenly, I had it!

"See? You flinch."

"Ladies and gentlemen," I said in an astoundingly authoritative tone. "Being a guest during the preparation of this show was an enlightening experience. Not only did I see how a top professional staff prepares every step of this program for your entertainment—and they do a wonderful job each week, don't they?" I hoped that the director would hit the APPLAUSE button. He did, and the non-paying citizens in the audience flapped their palms together obediently. "But," I continued, "I also discovered an unknown, but very talented person right here in the cast." An excited buzzing reached me from two directions at once. One was from the audience in front of me, and the other from Felix and his friends who had gathered behind me to revel in my humiliation. "There's an exciting young dancer in the chorus," I continued, "who I personally feel is deserving of much bigger things. I'm going to bring her out here now," I said, "and if we can get her to do a solo I'm sure that you'll be as thrilled with her as I was . . . and perhaps your response will boost her into stardom. Pat," I shouted, "come on out here." And out she came, smiling and radiant in the lights that were so friendly to her and so foreign to me. This was where she belonged. She was home.

Quickly Pat and the orchestra leader decided on a number and I hastily exited, leaving the stage to her. I wanted no more of it. Back in the wings when my eyes stopped blinking, I cast a hasty look at Felix. He appeared to be crushed.

After the show, the dressing room area was complete bedlam. The press services, the news services and the Broadway and T.V. columnists swarmed all over the place, shooting questions and flash bulbs in volleys. Then, interesting ramifications of the situation began popping up. Pat's agent, a small time individual whose office was in a 6⅞ homburg, sold her contract to MCA for $10,000 and fled to Mexico with an unemployed lady of the evening who had darted into the theater to avoid the pinch of a vice squad plainclothes-

man . . . two distinguished columnists began a new feud . . . three chorus boys had a tearful reconciliation, and left arm in arm . . . and six girls of the chorus, learning of Pat's success, began taking anyone and everyone who could aid their careers up to the prop room.

Now the place was deserted. Pat and I were alone.

"I can't thank you enough for what you've done for me," she said with genuine tears in her eyes.

"I was glad to do it," I said. "Even if the thing that happened before the show didn't happen I was glad to do it."

"Oh golly, that's right," she said, cupping her hand to her mouth. "That was only if you'd try to do something for me. Now that you did, I guess I owe you something."

"Oh, that's all right," I said in my noblest tones. "But if you really want to, I've got a barbecued chicken and some sparkling Burgundy in my refrigerator at home."

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O TIGER'S HEART

(*continued from page* 11)

Rogers said, "I wonder if the tiger in the Central Park Zoo can even remember that he was once in the jungle."

"What's that?" Mr. Rogers asked.

"Boo!" Mrs. Rogers answered.

Mr. Rogers did not hear his wife moving about the room until she was on her way to the door. He sat up quickly in the bed. He was not sure who it was until she had the door open and he could see her in the shaft of light that came in from the hallway and before she could get out the door, he said, "Where the devil are you going?" And all she said was, "Out." And she closed the door.

Mr. Rogers hopped quickly out of bed and started for the door, but he stopped in the middle of the room. He cursed his wife and started slowly back to bed, feeling the thinly carpeted floor cool beneath his bare feet. He started to get back into bed, but then he turned and went to the window. He would not have been able to stop her, he told himself. When she had her mind set on something, there was nothing he could do to stop her. He knew that. He had become used to that situation soon after their marriage. It had not seemed very important to him at the time because he had loved her. She had been an exciting woman, the most exciting woman he had ever known. There was a genuinely animal quality about her that had fascinated him from the very beginning; so few women had it, they thought they could paint it on their faces or dress in a revealing manner, never realizing that such a quality is born in a woman in the same way that a tiger is born with his stripes.

Mr. Rogers had always been very proud to walk into a room with his wife on his arm. He liked the way men stared at her and he was perfectly well aware that several of his closest friends had tried unsuccessfully to have an affair with his wife. This thought amused him for a moment as he stood by the window. One thing he still had to admit was that his wife certainly did know how to handle herself in any sort of situation and he had seen her fend off passes made at parties when the liquor had made everything seem quite possible.

Then he saw his wife down in the street. He caught sight of her just as she was stepping into one of the blue and white taxies parked in front of the hotel. He started to call out to her, but then he stopped himself. He watched the taxi drive down the still crowded main street. He watched it disappear into a nest of traffic at the far end of the street. He saw two American sailors posing with two Mexican girls on a donkey with stripes painted on it to make it look like a zebra.

An old Mexican wearing a black derby was taking their pictures. The sailors seemed to be very drunk and very happy and so did the two girls. The old Mexican taking their pictures had a very pained expression on his wrinkled face. It seemed as if he could not see anything in the back of the camera and he peered into it with great concentration and then he snapped the shutter and slapped his right thigh at the same time and the two sailors jumped down from the back of the striped donkey.

Mr. Rogers lay in the bed for what seemed to him like twenty nights. It was almost morning when he heard the door open. He did not look up. He heard her come in and he heard her undressing slowly, deliberately. He heard her drop her shoes onto the floor. Then he felt her slide into the bed beside him.

He did not speak for some time. He thought to himself that it would do absolutely no good to ask her where she had gone. She was proud and he knew she would not lie to him. He thought perhaps it would be better if she would lie. He was not at all sure *what* he wanted her to say. But finally he could contain himself no longer.

"Did you have a good time?" he asked his wife.

Mrs. Rogers rolled over onto her back. She did not speak.

"Or would you rather not talk about what you did," Mr. Rogers said.

"I thought you'd be asleep," Mrs. Rogers said.

"I saw you get into the taxi," he said and as soon as he said it, he was sorry. That was no way to begin.

"Then I suppose you have some idea of where I went," Mrs. Rogers said.

Mr. Rogers was almost afraid to go on. He tried to push any concrete images from his mind. He was not sure just how much he would be able to take. He was beginning to feel a little sick.

"I told you every woman is potentially . . ."

"Must you?" Mr. Rogers said.

She turned to him in the dark. "You're actually afraid to hear me even say it," Mrs. Rogers said.

"You went back there, didn't you?" Mr. Rogers said.

"Yes, I went back there," Mrs. Rogers said.

"I hope you're very pleased with yourself."

"At least I'm not afraid of myself," she said.

"Well, I must say, that's a fine way to look at it," said Mr. Rogers.

"Every woman thinks about it at one time or another," Mrs. Rogers said.

"For God's sake . . ."

"Well, it's true," Mrs. Rogers cut in. "It's true and any woman who isn't afraid of her own shadow will tell you that."

"And I suppose they all go off and . . ."

"No, they don't go off *and!*" Mrs. Rogers said. "They don't and I did. It's as simple as that. And I'm not sorry I did it either. I must say it was a damned exciting experience."

"There were plenty of men, I suppose."

"Plenty."

He was silent for several moments. Then: "Well, shall I have your things shipped down here?" he asked her.

"Oh, don't be such a ninny," Mrs. Rogers said. "Now go to sleep, will you."

"I do hope you at least got star billing," Mr. Rogers said.

Mrs. Rogers laughed. She rolled over on her side, facing away from her husband. She could see the flimsy gray curtains blowing in at the open window. "Everybody is just so damned afraid," she said after a pause.

Mr. Rogers had already decided that he would not divorce his wife. The idea *had* occurred to him and he had spent almost all the time she had been away, thinking about it. But he would not do it. No one would ever know what had happened. They would go to the bullfight tomorrow. They would not talk about it. They would spend the evening in Tijuana to let the early traffic get away and they could start back to Los Angeles around eleven. Perhaps they would even go in one of the blue and white taxis again and they could ride over the bridge and into the little night-town of wooden shacks and perhaps he would take her to the same place and perhaps this time she would not be so perfectly poised and he would see a sharp line of fear cutting down through her eyes into the very heart of her and perhaps if she would see it again, this time with sober eyes, it would break her. But it did not really matter now whether it happened tomorrow night or next year or in five years. He was quite sure it would happen. This night would eat at her—even in those damned dreams she had spoken of—and sooner or later, it would break her. Mr. Rogers smiled in the dark as these thoughts passed through his mind. It would break her all right, he thought. And when that happened, she would no longer be the poised, lovely master of the house. It would be his turn then. Even if he no longer loved his wife, at least he would be her master. And perhaps that was even better than love.

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CAN CAN

(*continued from page* 24)

derriere dilettante is all skittles and beer. This is a far cry from the truth, since, due to the basic psychological structure of women, strong opposition will be met in many quarters, particularly the hind quarters, for the female, being the most sadistic of the species, eagerly flaunts her charms for all to see, and then, with colossal gall, adds the warning, "Hands Off!" Let one honest male be so bold as to compliment her on her outstanding assets, and self-righteous screams rend the air, followed quickly by angry policemen and attended by sniggering groups of solid citizens.

So take heed, caballeros, and walk with caution, for all the wiggling and twisting spells but one thing—BAIT—and it takes the offer of cold cash, either in the form of a marriage contract or a sheaf of crisp bills to relegate their spurious modesty to the background, and prompt them to bounce into your waiting hands.

Use the chart wisely; wear it well, but remember that you'll run into a lot of mavericks and odd balls along the rosy path. Then I advise you to take the matter into your own hands, bearing in mind that some of the chicks, when they drop their rearguard action, can prove a solace and a joy to your old age. Really, it's un-canny.

CLIVE

(*continued from page* 42)

threw her arms open wide. "You could be another Kramer, or a . . . Todd, or a . . ."

"J. Clive Goldwyn," he said. He snapped his claws and grinned. "So who needs Sam? Who needs budgets and fat directors? I can see it all now." He squinted. "Up there on billboards: Monster Productions presents Shannon Blaine in Beauty and the Beast . . ."

"Who'll play the beast?"

Clive smiled at her tenderly. "Well, it won't be Mickey Rooney, kiddo," he said. "Is it a deal?"

They looked at each other and the tender young thing smiled. She smoothed out her dress with both hands and thrust out her chest.

"Shall we join the others?" she said.

"Let's."

And they swung around and headed for the mouth of the cave.

Clive stopped and turned his head around for one last look at the rubber dragon. Then he looked straight ahead and blinked, hard. He took a deep breath and began thumping out the time with his tail, singing:

"Hoo-ray for Hollywood, that dum de dum dum dum dum, HOLLY-wood . . ."

MISOGYNY

(*continued from page* 37)

She didn't like this. Her idea was a date with all the trimmings. Or maybe she wanted more to tell Mr. Pettibone when she checked in for the night. Anyway, I could see the wheels in her mind beginning to whirl and for the first time she really looked at me. She was bringing up mental mortars, and finally she said, "I know a couple in the Village who throw a perpetual party."

Well, now! She'd interested me at last. I'm a fellow who prides himself on knowing New York, but I have no friends who run perpetual parties. It sounded like the fabulous days of Scott Fitzgerald and the Roaring Twenties. "All right," I said. "Let's go."

In the cab she sat close. A delicious feeling of intimacy pervaded the back seat as we shot downtown. Her eyes and teeth shone in the semi-dark as she smiled up at me. "I always bring these people a bottle of Scotch," she said invitingly. "You'd better stop and buy it."

It sounded fair enough, a bottle of Scotch in return for a few hours of perpetual party. Still, something nagged. If I put out six bucks for a bottle of Scotch I wanted to know a little more. "Who are these people?" I asked.

She tells me. Oh, my God! They turned out to be people I already

(*turn to page* 74)

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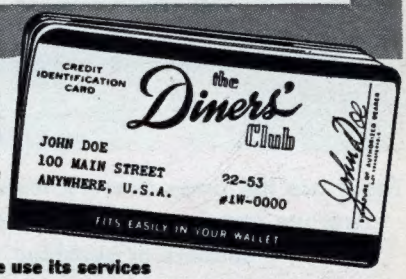

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knew. They'd even been at the cocktail party the night before. No couple in the entire world was less likely to throw a perpetual party. They were strictly a two-parties-a-year pair, and any party at their apartment featured the sitting-on-the-floor, pretzels-and-beer type of fun.

I never found out the motive behind the bottle of Scotch. Maybe she felt sorry for her friends. Maybe she planned to rush down the next day and retrieve the bottle—but then she didn't drink. Whatever it was, I reached out and tapped the driver on the shoulder. "Turn around," I ordered. "Take us back uptown." To her I said, "I don't feel like the Village."

On the way back, no delicious intimacy. Instead the atmosphere crackled. A block from her apartment, she suddenly leaned forward and told the driver to stop. I thought first she planned a metropolitan version of the classic walk-home. Then I noticed we were in front of a ritzy bar. "Let's have a nightcap here," she said.

It was rude and callous of me, I know, but I said, "No, we don't." I paid the driver, took her elbow, and pushed her on foot toward the address she'd given me as home. Maybe she likes the rough-stuff, maybe she just enjoys farewells—but in the foyer of the apartment she pushed her face up to mine to be kissed. By this time Frankenstein's monster was a vision of loveliness compared to the glamour puss puckering lips at me.

"So long," I muttered, leaving her pursed lips suspended in mid-air. Frenzied, frustrated, hating myself, hating her, I rushed off into the night.

No, I haven't researched the subject. I don't know whether bachelors today have a worse time than at other periods in history. But I suspect they do. As I say, it's not the time and expense, but the subtle tortures involved that make it so hard. The gorgeous monsters we've created are so inconsiderate and self-centered that the date-happy guy just can't win.

Why do I endure it? You tell me! All I know is that tomorrow night I hope I'll be at another cocktail party. If I'm lucky I'll meet a lovely young chick just come to New York to be a model or something. I'll tell her about the rare delights of the big city, the type only bachelors are supposed to know. We'll talk about jazz and, awed, she'll say, "I've never met an older person before who knew anything about it"—a crack I've tried to persuade myself is a compliment.

I'll continue, telling her about strange spots in Greenwich Village and hot spots uptown in Harlem. She'll become entranced and her sharp nails will dig demandingly into my arm. "Take me to some of those places," she'll beg. "Let's go tonight."

I don't need much persuasion. Just enough to retain a slight amount of self-respect. Then—only too aware that the dates which start best often end worst—I'll carry her off, footloose, fancy free, every night a Saturday night.

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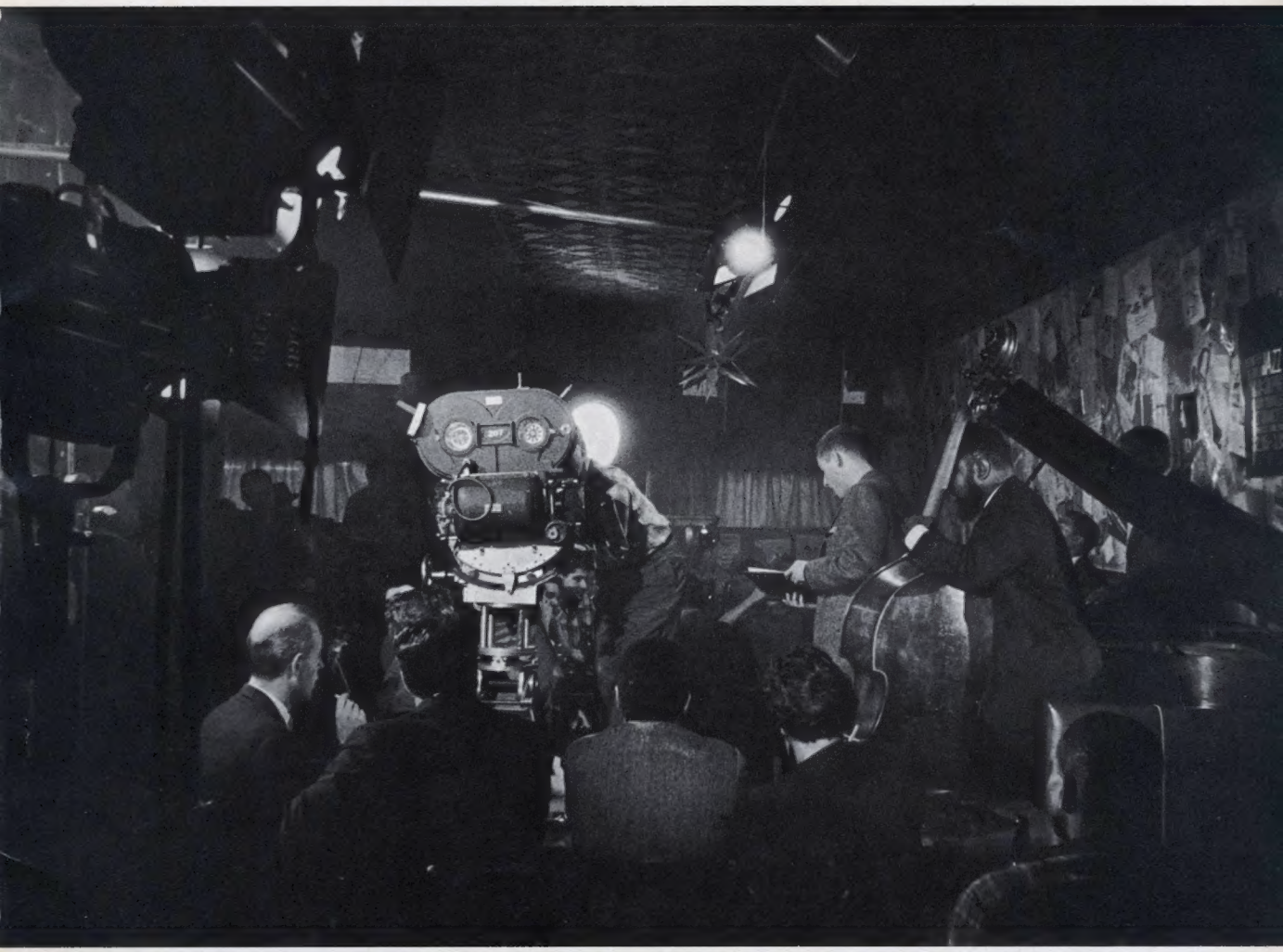

See page 57.

YESTERDAY, TODAY AND TOMORROW...
The Pacemakers are in the vanguard, and by definition DUDE readers are Pacemakers. You too can stay ahead of the mob when you read, in this issue, the problems of traversing Mad Alley, of watching The Idiot Box, of working on The Forward Look or meeting Clive!